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Fall 2014

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING

Bay Area variety

Growing up with
trains around
San Francisco
in the 1940s
and '50s

p. 20

A 4-8-4 waits to depart
Oakland with SP's *Owl* for L.A.

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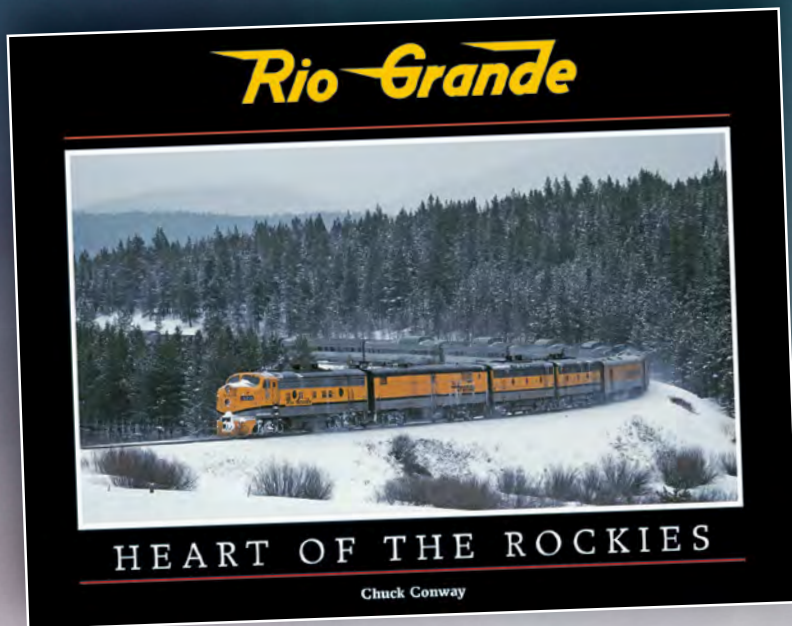
Battle for Chicago's passengers p. 44

Riding the Monon's *Thoroughbred* p. 66

Colorful Minneapolis p. 56 **Virginia steam show** p. 36

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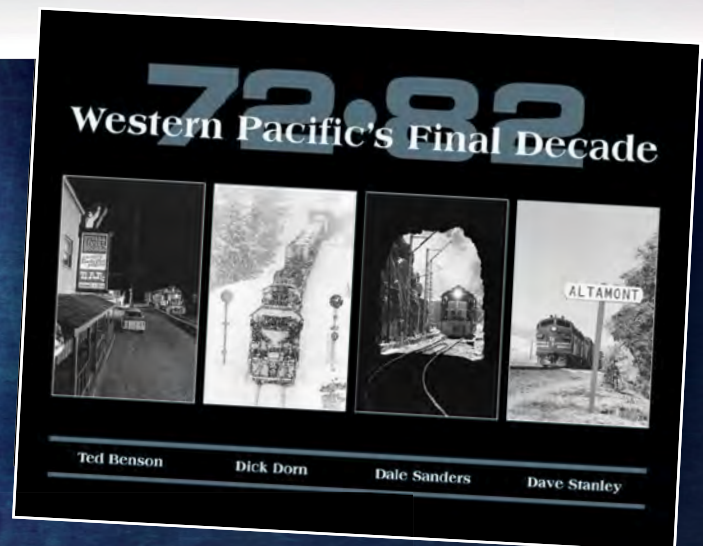
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The trains of our youth



Trains were better when we were young, weren't they? Certainly they were more engaging, and in many places more numerous, than those we have today. For those of us over 50, our memories of those times tend toward the bittersweet, for the old order was being swept away before our eyes as railroading tried to reinvent itself. Just as we were starting out into the world, some of the things we loved most about it were disappearing. Several stories in this issue touch on this theme.

Beginning on page 20, Oakland native Fred Matthews shares through words and photos his experiences with the rich East Bay railroad scene in the late 1940s and 1950s, when he was in his teens and early 20s.

Next [page 36], Bill Hopkins presents photos from his early-1950s visits to Alexandria, Va. The Maryland high school student went into Washington for periodic allergy shots, and found a new world of steam just a few miles farther south.

We have fond memories of early train-riding adventures as well. John Harmon recalls a trip he took as a Lehigh University undergraduate in 1958 aboard a doodlebug that plied a now-abandoned PRR line in New Jersey [page 52].

William Benning Stewart was an impressionable 16-year-old when he rode the Monon's *Thoroughbred* for a summer photography project in 1964 [page 66]. With the wisdom of years, he reflects on the changes — in railroading, in the wider world, and in himself — that the trip embodied. Although the specifics of our experiences may be different, it's a theme many of us find familiar.

Robert S. McGonigal
 Editor



Fred Matthews turned 19 the year he took this photo of SP's Oakland-San Jose connection for the San Francisco-L.A. *Lark*, ready to depart Oakland Pier at 8:30 p.m. on January 27, 1952.

Fred Matthews

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Classic Trains

THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING

Fall 2014 • Volume 15 Number 3



FEATURE ARTICLES

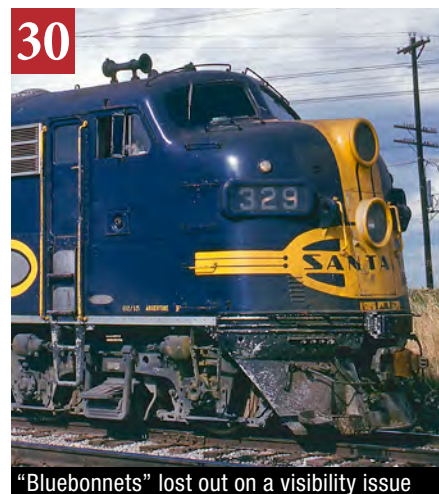
- 20 East Bay Rails** • Fred Matthews
Growing up with trains near San Francisco in the late 1940s and 1950s
- 30 Hats Off to the Santa Fe . . . or Maybe Not** • J. David Ingles
In the early 1970s, not all “warbonnets” were red
- 34 What’s in a Photo? Cotton Belt on MoPac** • Jerry A. Pinkepank
Explaining many facets of railroading present, but not obvious, in one scene
- 36 Alexandria Steam Show** • William E. Hopkins
Watching Southern, RF&P, C&O, and PRR near Washington, D.C., in the ’50s
- 44 Street Fight in Chicago** • Clifford J. Downey
How longtime station-transfer firm Parmelee lost out to a newcomer in 1955
- 52 Bel-Del Doodlebug** • John J. Harmon
A 1958 New Jersey triangle trip satisfied a long desire to ride an obscure PRR line
- 56 One Man’s Minneapolis** • Otto P. Dobnick and Art Peterson
Stan Baker took color slides of everyday urban railroad action in the early ’60s
- 64 Bird’s-Eye View: Seattle’s Two Stations** • Jerry A. Pinkepank
On a 1948 afternoon, King Street had a late *Empire Builder*, but Union was quiet
- 66 Breaking Away, in the Monon Manner** • William Benning Stewart
How the Hoosier Line helped a 16-year-old move from adolescence to adulthood

IN EVERY ISSUE

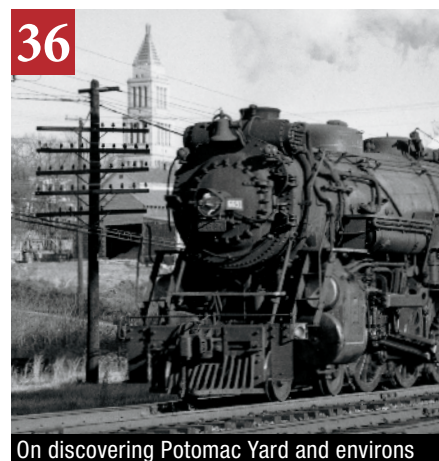
- 3 Welcome** *The trains of our youth*
- 6 Contributors** *Meet this issue’s crew*
- 8 Head End** *Items from railroad history, then and now*
- 10 Fast Mail** *Letters from our readers*
- 14 True Color** *Diesel-to-steam transition time on Western Maryland*
- 16 Fallen Flags Remembered** *Rutland Railroad*
- 76 Classics Today** *Spectacle at Spencer*
- 80 The Way It Was** *Tales from railfans and railroaders*
- 86 Car Stop** *Cedar Valley Road’s local streetcars, the last in Iowa*
- 88 Ready Track** *Brief reviews of new products*
- 91 Bumping Post** *CPR’s Windsor Station in Montreal, full and empty*

On the cover: Southern Pacific GS-2 4-8-4 No. 4410, the first of six 1936 Limas, is ready to leave Oakland Pier (a.k.a. “the Mole”) on-time at 8:35 p.m., January 27, 1952, with train 58, the overnight *Owl* to L.A. via the San Joaquin Valley line, in a Fred Matthews photo (see page 20).

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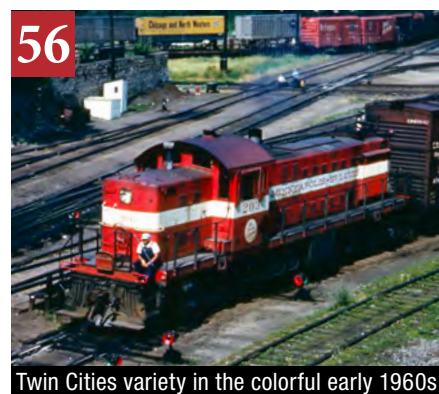
“Bluebonnets” lost out on a visibility issue



On discovering Potomac Yard and environs



Chicago politics vs. Railroad Transfer Service



Twin Cities variety in the colorful early 1960s

Otto P. Dobnick ["One Man's Minneapolis," page 56], is retired from a career as transportation specialist for the South-eastern Wisconsin Regional Planning Commission. A Milwaukee native, he has a special fondness for railroads "up north," especially of the Twin Cities, the Twin Ports of Duluth, Minn.-Superior, Wis., and Michigan's Upper Peninsula. The captions are largely results of his research on favorite subjects. Otto co-authored, with Steve Glischinski, the 1997 Kalmbach book *Wisconsin Central: Railroad Success Story*. **Art Peterson** of Chicago, the nephew of the late photographer, traction expert, and career Chicago Transit Authority official George Krambles, maintains his uncle's large photo collection as the Krambles Peterson Archive, frequently adding to it with photos acquired via eBay and from other sources. Without Art's help, *CLASSIC TRAINS* would not have a "Car Stop" section.

Clifford J. Downey ["Street Fight in Chicago," page 44], who grew up along L&N's main line in Pembroke, Ky., is known more for his Illinois Central ex-

pertise and as the author of the 2003 book *Tennessee Central Railway*. A graduate of Murray (Ky.) State University, Cliff is a Certified Surgical Technologist and lives in Paris, Tenn., with his wife Jolinne, a United Methodist minister, their daughter Rebecca, and two cats. His previous *CLASSIC TRAINS* byline was "Illinois Central's Cairo Bridge" in Winter 2012.

John Harmon ["Bel-Del Doodlebug," page 52] is a lifelong railfan who has lived most of his life in Lawrenceville, N.J., with his wife Elaine, who as his fiancée accompanied him to Bethlehem Union Station in the 1950s. Early in his post-collegiate career he worked for New York Central and Penn Central as a computer programmer, but left when it became obvious that PC was not going to survive. He is retired from North American Phillips Lighting in Hightstown, N.J. John is a



premier "mileage collector" and has traveled world-wide by train, logging more than 170,000 unduplicated miles, about half in the U.S. This includes nearly 40,000 unduplicated miles behind steam. John published and edited the newsletter of the Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association from 1990 into early 2014. This is John's first *CLASSIC TRAINS* byline, but he promises more.

William E. Hopkins ["Alexandria Steam Show," page 36] worked briefly for Washington Terminal Co. before a hitch in the Marine Corps and a career as a firefighter, from which he retired as captain in 1998. This is his third article in *CLASSIC TRAINS*. He lives in Silver Spring, Md.

J. David Ingles ["Hats Off to the Santa Fe . . . or Maybe Not," page 30], Senior Editor of *CLASSIC TRAINS* since its inception and who contributes slides from his collection to our "Ingles Color Classics" series, did most of his Santa Fe photography in Illinois or around Kansas City. He thanks all the friends who traded him F-unit slides 40 years ago,

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and especially these Santa Fe experts who helped him with the article: John Arbuckle, Joe McMillan, and retired Model Railroader staffer Andy Sperandeo.

Fred Matthews

["Bay Area Rails," page 20] is retired from a career as a university professor that included periods in Britain and Toronto. Motivated by "this tremendous sense that all the stuff was vanishing," Fred made thousands of rail (and other) photos from 1946 to 2013, and now enjoys from his balcony passing UP and Amtrak trains on Oakland's waterfront. He was the subject of a "Great Photographers" story by John Gruber, who took this photo of him at Oakland's Jack London Square station, in our Spring '06 issue.



Robert S. McGonigal ["Classics Today," page 76] has been CLASSIC TRAINS' Editor since the magazine's launch in 2000.

Jerry A. Pinkepank ["What's in a Photograph?," page 34, and "Bird's-Eye View," page 64] has had a long career as a railroad officer (for NYC, CB&Q, BN, and Soo) and, since 1989, a Seattle-based rail consultant. He is the principal contributor to our "What's in a Photograph?" series, which debuted in Spring 2014.

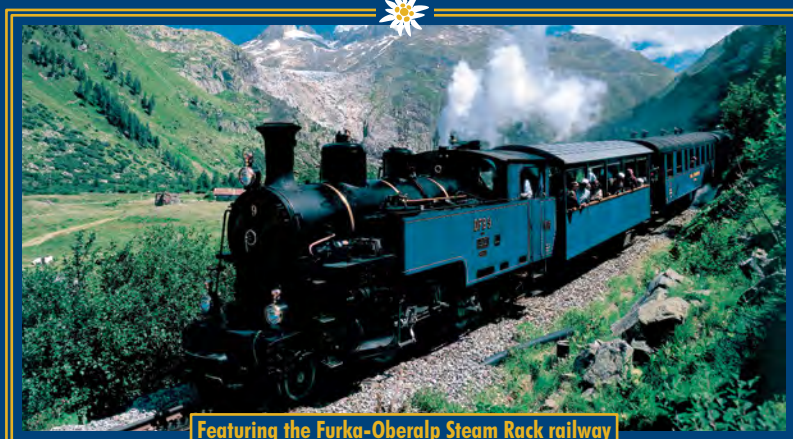
Jim Shaughnessy ["Green Mountain Saga," page 16], the acclaimed photographer and author from Troy, N.Y., has contributed "Shaughnessy Files" articles to most CLASSIC TRAINS issues since Fall 2007, but this time, for our "Fallen Flags Remembered" series, he reviews the history of the railroad he may know best — the Rutland. Jim wrote the book on it, the award-winning *The Rutland Road*, published by Howell-North in 1964 and re-issued as a second edition by Syracuse University Press in 1997. His "Fallen Flags" piece on the Delaware & Hudson (about which he wrote another book) appeared in our Summer 2001 issue.

William Benning Stewart ["Breaking Away in the Monon Manner," page 66],

now a Michigan resident, revisited the Monon's scenic Southern Division twice aboard passenger trains. In 1975, he rode Amtrak's dome-car-equipped but doomed *Floridian* with Kevin P. Keefe, today Kalmbach's Vice-President, Editorial, and in 1984 Bill rode the line on an Indiana University football special. Alas, the Bedford-Bloomington-Cloverdale segment was abandoned by CSX in the mid-'90s, and the Bedford-New Albany leg now lies inactive. Shortly after Bill completed his 1964 Monon photo story, his father asked that he use his full name as a byline in future published work in tribute to his mother, Lotys Benning Stewart (1908-1963), an acclaimed Indianapolis newspaperwoman and the true journalistic talent in the family. This is the 25th published article, and third in CLASSIC TRAINS, in which Bill has honored his late father's request. ■



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CP's gizmo with the golden shoes

Thanks to Fairbanks-Morse Erie-built units in a rail-welding plant, two preserved Alco PAs have trucks



This contraption, seen at Smiths Falls, Ontario, in October 1975, is a nominally portable rail-welding plant cobbled together by Canadian Pacific from a baggage car and four ex-Pennsy Fairbanks-Morse Erie-built B units. When it was scrapped in 1994, the Eries' A1A trucks — among the last of their type in existence — were saved with an eye toward mating them with

one or more of the four surviving North American Alco PAs, should any ever be returned to the U.S. from Mexico. The battered shells of two, their trucks long gone, finally came north in 1999. One is at a museum in Frisco, Texas, while the other, privately owned in Portland, Ore., recently rolled to North Carolina [see page 76]; each has a set of trucks, thanks to CP's gizmo.

Bill Metzger

Big steam doings, West and East

Escorted, appropriately, by UP diesels 4014 and 4884, Big Boy 4014 was moved April 28–May 8 from Colton, Calif., over Cajon Pass (right) to the steam shop at Cheyenne, Wyo., for restoration to service. Meanwhile, in another improbable steam comeback, the B&O Railroad Museum's Chesapeake & Ohio 2-6-6-2 Mallet 1309 — built in 1949 as Baldwin's last domestic steam locomotive — is to be relocated from Baltimore to the Western Maryland Scenic Railroad, where it will be overhauled for tourist-train duty on the road's steeply graded line out of Cumberland, Md.



Brian Schmidt



Average cost of new locomotives installed on U.S. railroads, 1941–45

	Minimum	Maximum	Average
Steam, freight	\$88,373	\$428,598	\$202,525
Steam, passenger	98,742	367,750	154,732
Steam, switching	60,610	87,286	78,462
Electric, freight	28,097	317,521	186,677
Electric, passenger	249,567	260,845	254,853
Diesel-electric, freight*	36,833	248,622	133,455
Diesel-electric, passenger*	87,965	178,722	168,184
Diesel-electric, switching*	14,908	198,948	71,650

* Cost figures for single units. For approximate costs in 2014 dollars, multiply values by 13.

Source: Quiz on Railroads and Railroad, Association of American Railroads, 1947

Photo exhibit opens in Chicago

"Railroaders: Jack Delano's Homefront Photography," a joint project of the Center for Railroad Photography & Art and the Chicago History Museum, presents the early-1940s work of acclaimed Office of War Information photographer Jack Delano. The exhibit is on view at the museum until August 2015 and features images of Chicago-area railroaders, such as this Indiana Harbor Belt crew, both at work and at home with their families. A variety of interpretive material, including photographs of the railroaders' descendants, illuminates the lives of the railroaders pictured; learn more at www.chicagohistory.org. The exhibit's catalogue is a lavish 200-page hardcover book published by the Center featuring essays and 108 photos; order from www.railphoto-art.org.



Obituary

Robert A. Janz

Author and railroader Bob Janz died April 4, 2014, in Yorkville, Ill., at age 81. A founding member of the Chicago & North Western Historical Society, the Chicago native worked in train service for the C&NW for several years before a career with the Chicago Transit Authority as a motorman and manager. The last of Janz's four bylines in CLASSIC TRAINS, all concerning his time with the C&NW, appeared in our Summer 2014 issue.

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Tales from the cab

"My Five Student Trips," by Borgon Tanner, which led your "Tales from the Cab" section in the Summer 2014 issue, induced some precious memories. He mentioned two longtime B&O engineer friends of mine, Charlie Hughes and French Wilson. I worked with Charlie in 1966 and 1968, when I was a brakeman. In 1963, I stowed away in French's cab, and in 1959, I sat beside his wife, operator Edith Wilson, in the old Lumberport, W.Va., depot — supposedly B&O's busiest train-order station — and copied orders alongside her for eight hours. I was staying with them in their Clarksburg home, and when French wasn't working, he drove me to Grafton and introduced me to Monongah Division Superintendent J. R. Frease and three dispatchers.

Bob Withers, Huntington, W.Va.

My late uncle, Robert P. Coulson, gave the B&O 40 years before retiring in the late '50s and always had interesting stories to tell me of his steam days. Mr. Tanner might have known him; he ran Baltimore-Cumberland at retirement.

Ron Hash, Bethania, N.C.

Many of your readers, I am sure, in their younger days heard those words, "Come on up," from the crew in a locomotive cab [page 3]. I received my invitation to join a New York Central switch crew in Cleveland, Ohio, who worked from DK Yard in "the Flats" out to the stockyards past West 65th Street. The engine was, I believe, an EMD switcher. Somehow, contact had been made between the crew and my parents, and I was able to hop on board, with lunch in hand, just off Junction Road behind the then Joseph & Feiss clothing factory. I spent the day with them, and hung out at DK tower, which was under an Erie Railroad bridge. They dropped me off by the clothing factory in late afternoon.

Mark D. Stotzer, Pacific Grove, Calif.

Reading Tom Dill's "Cut Off and Loaned Out" [pages 30–37] brought back memories of my similar experiences on the SP. I, too, hired out firing on the Coast Division, in 1953, and was cut off repeatedly and loaned out to the Western, Sacramento, and Rio Grande divisions. The local crew clerks and union grievors frequently protected the home guards with less-than-kosher practices. Crew clerks would change call times by a



The real "bad-luck electric" had been NH 373, seen from a work train at New Haven in 1962.

J. W. Swanberg

few minutes to award a high-paying road job to a local man, while the loaner got the hostler or midnight goat job. Grievors would flood the extra board (where the loaners resided) so it turned only every other day. I never lived in my car, as Tom did, but after several weeks in El Paso, I came home much poorer than when I left San Francisco. Not all railroad memories are fond ones!

Barry Anderson, Port Townsend, Wash.

I was extremely pleased with the articles on footplate experiences, especially Jack Neiss's "Bad Luck Electric" [pages 40–45] on one of my favorite electric locos, the ex-New Haven EP-5 (PC and Conrail E40). Please continue to churn out what for me is a great magazine.

Franc Wells, Reading, England

"Bad Luck," or pity the EP-5? Once dressed in a bright, good-looking paint scheme, singlehandedly pulling New Haven's best Boston-Washington passenger trains between New Haven and New York's Penn Station, she was consigned to a horrific all-black paint job and, I have a hunch, to the care of former and otherwise good PRR engine-facility men not trained to care for her and without the proper parts. Along with the 4977, they were two oddballs lost in a massive roster. It's a wonder the two made it to Conrail. I prefer to remember when we both were young and I stood on a bridge west of New Haven station and listened

to her wind up and ease a long, heavy Washington train out of the station.

Bruce Heald, Lancaster, Pa.

The article has a minor error. When PC renumbered the EP-5s, NH 370–379 became PC 4970–4979, even though some were already out of service. Thus PC 4973 was ex-NH 373 (pictured above), not ex-374 as stated on page 42.

J. W. Swanberg, Guilford, Conn.

Central of Georgia royalty

I thoroughly enjoyed Allen Tuten's "Fallen Flags Remembered" entry on the Central of Georgia [pages 16–19]. About 25 years ago, another "Fallen Flag," the Atlanta-based New Georgia Railroad tourist-train operation, ran one of its overnight excursions to Savannah with Atlanta & West Point 4-6-2 No. 290 on the point. I was a volunteer car host on the trip, and during the Saturday layover day in Savannah, we ran public shuttle trips from the riverfront out 5 miles or so and back, giving local folks a chance to ride behind steam. On one of those runs, an older gentleman passenger was introduced to us as the last president of the CofG, and I'm sure he was William E. Dillard, as he resembled the man in the photo of Mr. Dillard on CofG Historical Society's website. We greeted him and treated him like royalty on that trip for what I'm pretty sure was his last train ride, as he died in 1991 at age 92.

Steve Vogel, Decatur, Ga.



Palmerston

Living as I do, just 30 miles from Palmerston, Ontario, about half-way to Stratford as the crow flies, Jim

Shaughnessy's "Stepping Back in Time" about Palmerston [pages 82–91] was dear to my heart. A minor mistake on the map [page 85] shows the line south out of Wingham as CP, but it was CN, built by the London, Huron & Bruce and long gone by 1955. The line was abandoned during World War II, the rails going to scrap-metal drives. The many farm wives along the line cried at the loss of their beloved "Butter and Eggs Special," which would carry the women and their surplus products to London to be sold at the markets. They would make purchases with their new spending money and return home in the afternoon.

Steve Hoshel, Atwood, Ont.

About that "exterior facility"

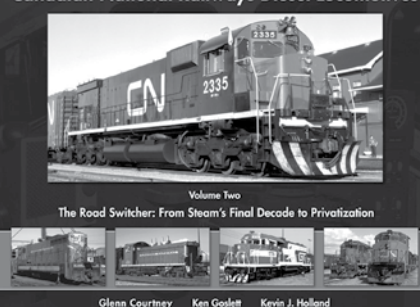
Item No. 3 at Blue Ridge, Va., in the interesting "What's In a Photograph?" feature [pages 64–65], an unusual brick outhouse, reminded me of the old saying, "built like a brick outhouse," for a well-built or muscular person. I've never seen an actual one, but my dad and a friend, who were bricklayers and partners for a construction firm, building homes in the 1950s, put up a similar one. The local park in our hometown of Lacon, Ill., had a wooden outhouse, which had been tipped over and destroyed, so the town hired my dad and his partner to build a new one. They did so, using concrete blocks and steel doors — end of problem!

Bill Zimmer, Varna, Ill.

Bilevel 400s defended

As always, I enjoyed another adventure from J. David Ingles' photos and travel notes from the years prior to Amtrak in "Sunrise at Owen" [pages 70–79]. In some ways these were the worst of times, as many trains were on borrowed time and often in bad condition, mechanically or in cleanliness. He seems to imply, though, that C&NW's bilevel *Peninsula 400* was a bunch of commuter coaches, despite mentioning they were new from Pullman in 1958 and pioneers in having head-end power on an intercity train. This equipment included bilevel bar-coach and coach-parlor cars,

Canadian National Railways Diesel Locomotives



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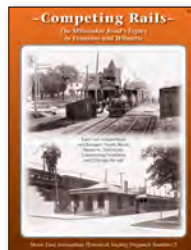
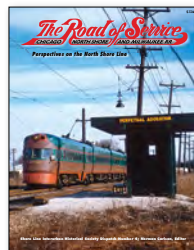
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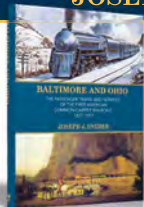
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FAST MAIL Letters from our readers



Note the false roof on the second car behind the units as C&NW's Peninsula 400 enters Milwaukee — the diner has a false roof.

Bob Baker collection

plus single-level RPO-lounges, baggage-lounges, and full dining cars converted to HEP and fitted with false roofs to match the bilevels. The coaches, being gallery style, provided single seats by the windows on the upper level; all seats were reclining and very comfortable.

James Else, Claremore, Okla.

¶ Contrary to my claims on page 79, the consist of C&NW 214, the Peninsula 400 of July 26, 1964, was recorded, and appears in the on-line material for the article on CT's website. For the record, the train had E8A 5029A and F7A 4083A; bilevel coaches 701, 700, and 703; coach-bar-lounge 903; diner 6954 (false high roof); coach 707; single-level parlor 6513; and single-level coach 805 (ex-3402). — J.D.I.

I enjoyed the article; obviously I was not the only person planning such circle trips in the 1960s [see "Beating the Domino Effect in 1967," in CT's 2014 Special Edition ALL ABOARD]. I have always regretted that I never rode Soo Line's *Laker*; even photos of Soo passenger trains are hard to find. The "Six Hours at St. Paul" photo spread was great. The *Winipeger's* consist listed online, with lots of tour Pullmans, was a real jewel, even better than the one of the *Mountaineer* in Minot [page 8, Winter 2013 CT].

Paul McDonald, Waterloo, Iowa

Cedar Hill in PC days

The "Bird's-Eye View" of New Haven's Cedar Hill engine facility [pages 80-81] brought back memories of staying at the Cedar Hill Railroad YMCA after bringing Penn Central freights from Selkirk, N.Y., to New Haven. We would operate via the old Boston & Albany to Spring-

field, Mass., back up on the Boston & Maine "Conn River Main," then head south on the Hartford Line to New Haven. We'd divert from the double main to the north end of Cedar Hill Yard at North Haven and pass over the Quinnipiac River before entering the yard.

Normally, a yard "relay crew" would take our power to the enginehouse, but on rare occasions, the engineer and I would whip out our "map" (given to us by a kindly old switchtender, one of the last such still working at Cedar Hill in the early '70s), and navigate our way the 2 miles from the inbound yard. After tying down the power, we'd go over the footbridge that spanned the double-track Hartford Line and walk to the Y, which overlooked it, the enginehouse, the yard, and the Shore Line (Boston-New Haven) main a half mile to the southeast.

The Y was typical of "away from home terminals" of the era: a single room, with a single bed, desk, and overhead light, a window facing either the street or the enginehouse, with community restrooms and shower down the hall. Crews from Selkirk, Maybrook, N.Y., and Boston stayed there, as did Boston-New Haven Amtrak crews. You had your choice of a room, either on the street side facing bars and a motorcycle club or on the enginehouse side. Both yielded lots of noise outside, but most of the crews took the railroad side — you go with what you know.

In the late '70s, Conrail sold the YMCA to Amtrak for offices, and away-from-home crews went to area motels for rest. I remember author Swanberg as a trainmaster at Grand Central Terminal in the 1970s and '80s, a gentleman and a good railroader.

Jim Kaufman, Schenectady, N.Y.

Derby Day's one-day changes

Charlie Castner, retired career L&N public relations chief, and I would offer one small comment on Frank Tatnall's excellent "Those Delightful Derby Days" [pages 54-63]. A caption on page 55 refers to the stub tracks up against Broadway's sidewalk as "Maple Street yard." Maple, an east-west street a long block south of Broadway, was once a key location for both the Panhandle (PRR) and L&N. Actually, L&N's Maple Street yard extended south from Maple and was on the west side of the L&N track connecting with the PRR. Its ladder was on the south end, at about Kentucky Street.

Once a year at Derby, L&N changed Maple Street from a freight yard to a sea of sleeping cars. Local fans and railroaders called the stub tracks seen from Broadway's sidewalk "the coach yard."

Rick Tipton, Louisville, Ky.

Frank Tatnall's article reminded me of similar times when specials came to Los Angeles for events such as Shriners and Boy Scout conventions, and the Rose Bowl and Rose Parade, when I was working for Santa Fe in engine service. The photo of Nickel Plate sleeper-lounge café *City of Chicago* [page 63] was of special interest. It and sister *City of Cleveland* were sold to Amtrak in 1971 and eventually were stored at the L.A. Eighth Street coach yard (sold to Amtrak in 1976), along with dozens of other "heritage cars" no longer needed after Amtrak got head-end-power cars. I believe both were sold in a 1977 Amtrak sale at Eighth Street.

*Don Richardson,
Rancho Cucamonga, Calif.*

Many of Tatnall's pictures were taken in locations familiar to me. One that jumped out showed Monon's 1965 Derby special on 15th Street in New Albany behind two pristine F3s. To me, Monon had the best Derby agenda since its special made that overnight layover in French Lick, Ind. Unfortunately, I was serving on a U.S. Navy ship in the Pacific in the late '60s, and by the time I went to work for L&N, in Louisville Union Station in 1969, much of the frantic railroad activity for Derby Day was history.

Lyle Key, Nashville, Tenn.

Summer slips

- Page 8: The boys stare at a PRR E6s 4-4-2, not a 4-6-0.
- Page 10: Some Omaha Road trains did indeed use Omaha Union Station.
- Page 38: The UP photo depicts Glens Ferry, Idaho, not Glens Falls; text references are correct.
- Page 104: The title of the book by Burt W. Mall is *Steam's Last Season*. 📖

Got a comment?

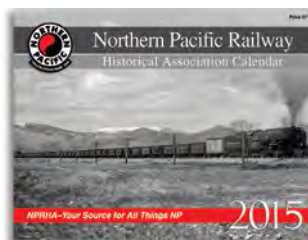
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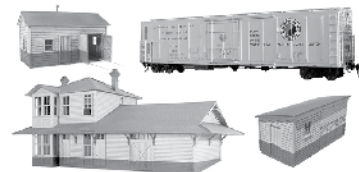
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Transition in Elkins

Elkins, W.Va., was the hub of Western Maryland's coal country, with lines radiating in four directions. Its large yard west of downtown had a big depot and roundhouse area, now to become a museum. This magazine has published photos of coal trains headed out for Cumberland, Md., through the remote and rugged Blackwater Canyon, behind multiple chunky 2-8-0s and their Alco diesel successors. Here we see transition time, when early on October 18, 1953, RS3s 187 and 188 team with 2-8-0 850 to lift a train with 50 coal loads out of town.

Mert Leet



Green Mountain saga

The Rutland Railroad was a colorful carrier for 119 years • By Jim Shaughnessy

The Rutland Railroad, like most others in New England whose roots dated to the 1850s, was comprised of companies chartered, built, bankrupted, reorganized, and merged before a functioning system resulted. The goal of most, driven by the railroad fever in the Civil War era, was to connect the Atlantic Ocean with the Great Lakes.

Timothy Follett, a Burlington, Vt., businessman and steamboat operator, received a Vermont charter for the Champlain & Connecticut Rail Road on November 1, 1843, to run from Bellows Falls on the Connecticut River north to Burlington, Vermont's largest city, on Lake Champlain. About the same time Charles Paine, a former Vermont governor from Northfield, secured a charter for the Vermont Central between White River Junction and Burlington. These two strong men and their railroads would be bitter business enemies for 50 years.

C&C reorganized as the Rutland & Burlington in 1847 and ran its first through train on Christmas Eve 1849. Connections to Boston from Bellows Falls were no problem, but relations with Paine's VC at Burlington were. Mean-time banker John Smith, an associate of Paine, built the Vermont & Canada from St. Albans to the VC at Essex Junction, 7 miles from Burlington. R&B was blocked from expanding north by Lake Champlain, so it acquired the steamboat *Boston* and several barges to move, seasonally, freight from Burlington to friendly connections at Rouses Point, N.Y.

In 1867, R&B defaulted and was reorganized as the Rutland Railroad, led by local businessman John B. Page. He got capital, refurbished the property, and in spring '68 leased the 258-foot steamboat *Oakes Ames* from Champlain Transportation Co. and moved 1,100 cars a month across the lake to Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Page also looked west and built the 15-mile Addison branch west from Leicester Junction in 1871. He leased the isolated Ticonderoga-Port Henry, N.Y., section of the Whitehall & Plattsburgh and built a floating bridge from Larabee's Point to the W&P at Ticonderoga.

Both the VC and the Vermont & Canada in St. Albans, now led by J. Gregory Smith, John's son, watched Page with



In the iconic modern Rutland image, RS3 207, southbound with four of the 50 new 1954 PS-1 boxcars up front, poses on the Cuttingsville trestle over Mill River near East Wallingford, Vt.

Jim Shaughnessy

concern. If he made his end run around them, they would lose traffic, so Smith offered to lease the Rutland for 20 years for an astonishing \$7,144,000, effective December 30, 1870.

Page was jubilant — this was guaranteed income and more than the railroad could make on its own. This gave VC access south to the New London Northern and a water route from New London, Conn., across Long Island Sound to New York City. Now VC had more than 12 railroads totaling 900 miles, plus two steamship lines, making it New England's largest railroad. Despite this, VC in 1873 was reorganized as the Central Vermont [Winter 2004 CLASSIC TRAINS].

Independence and expansion

CV's lease of the Rutland ended in 1890, but CV had to renew to block intrusion by others, notably the Delaware & Hudson, which seemed interested in expanding into northern New England. CV grudgingly agreed to a 99-year term at a lower annual rate of \$345,000, but the Rutland demanded to be paid in gold! The financial panic of 1894 helped force CV into receivership, and President

E. C. Smith, son of J. Gregory, terminated the lease in 1896.

D&H had been acquiring Rutland stock since 1887, and upon CV's exit had to subsidize it for two years. D&H's expansion interest had cooled, and Rutland banker Percival W. Clement acquired D&H's stock at a fire-sale price in October 1898. Rutland was again on its own.

With new resources, the 40-year dream of going north from Burlington was resurrected. The Rutland & Canada was chartered in 1898 and avoided the Central Vermont by striking north into Lake Champlain with a 3-mile causeway (one of two) on a 40-mile island-hopping line to Rouses Point. Rutland absorbed the R&C upon its completion in 1899.

Rouses Point offered connections with the two Canadian systems and the 118-mile Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain across northern New York. Rutland, in its strongest financial position yet, purchased O&LC in 1901, and in '02 extended its own south end by acquiring the Bennington & Rutland. All this formed a 280-mile L-shaped road that would be Rutland's heart for the next half century.

O&LC ancestor Northern Railroad

built from Ogdensburg — on the St. Lawrence River at the east end of Great Lakes navigation, and considered the west end of a Boston–Great Lakes land route — to Rouses Point in 1850.

The Northern was a pioneer on two fronts. It employed the first U.S. floating rail bridge, out of Rouses Point in 1852 using a 301-foot barge as the moveable section in a 5,290-foot trestle bridge, a joint venture with Vermont & Canada. It also ran likely the first refrigerator car, rebuilt with an inner wall and sawdust insulation, which in 1851 carried 8 tons of butter to Boston, crossing Champlain on the *Oakes Ames*. The Northern became the Ogdensburg Railroad in 1858 and O&LC in 1864. Its Northern Transportation ran six steamers up the lakes to Chicago. O&LC was part of the VC lease but resumed independence on CV's collapse; Rutland absorbed O&LC in 1901.

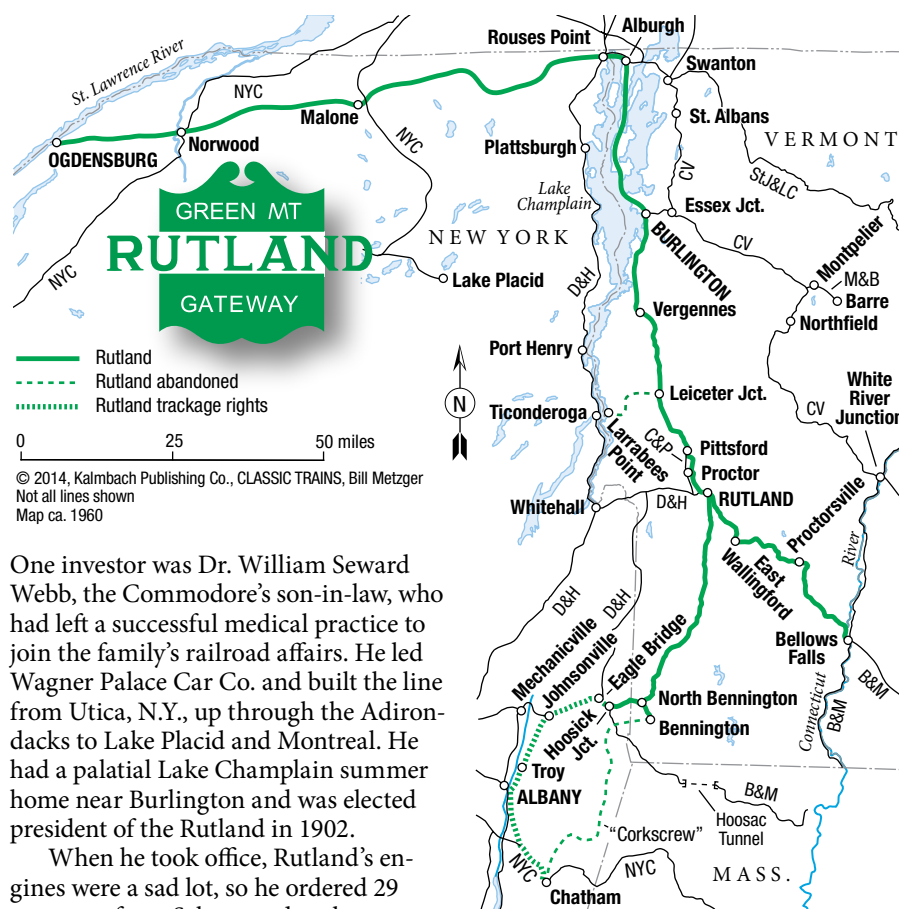
Meanwhile down south, the 57-mile Western Vermont opened in May 1852 from Rutland to North Bennington and west 2 miles to White Creek on the New York border to meet the Troy & Boston. In 1857, WV became the Bennington & Rutland and was leased by T&B, forming a roundabout Hudson River–Boston route via Rutland and Bellows Falls. When Hoosac Tunnel opened in 1875, this long route saw little through traffic except for high-wide loads and later, piggyback, until Hoosac was enlarged.

Boston & Maine ancestor T&B terminated its B&R lease, but an unlikely turn of events saw B&R leased in 1870 by historic adversaries John B. Page and J. Gregory Smith, making B&R part of the 900-mile Central Vermont.

B&R then looked south for a connection, finding one 57 miles away at Chatham, N.Y., north end of Vanderbilt's New York & Harlem. To connect Chatham, B&R's principal owner, Bennington businessman T. W. Park, filled the gap north to Bennington in 1869 with the Chatham & Lebanon Valley. Rutland leased it in 1899, then bought B&R in 1900 and C&LV in 1901. This southern reach of the Rutland would be known as "The Corkscrew Division" [Summer 2012 CT] for its curves south of Bennington to reach New York's Hoosick valley.

Central alignment

Rutland entered the 20th century in good enough shape, and enjoying sufficient traffic, for Vanderbilt's New York Central & Hudson River to show interest.



One investor was Dr. William Seward Webb, the Commodore's son-in-law, who had left a successful medical practice to join the family's railroad affairs. He led Wagner Palace Car Co. and built the line from Utica, N.Y., up through the Adirondacks to Lake Placid and Montreal. He had a palatial Lake Champlain summer home near Burlington and was elected president of the Rutland in 1902.

When he took office, Rutland's engines were a sad lot, so he ordered 29 new ones from Schenectady, whose tenders came lettered NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES, as would all equipment for a while. By 1904, NYC interests owned a majority of Rutland stock, and under management of Webb and successors, Rutland enjoyed perhaps its best years.

One hallmark was its milk train. Established in 1909 when the business grew to rate a dedicated train, it left Ogdensburg in early morning and picked up cars at creameries all the way to Rutland, often with two engines and up to 40 cars. Some were set out for Boston, but most went south to Chatham for the NYC to deliver in New York City next morning. Rutland's milk revenues exceeded \$1 million annually during 1923–26.

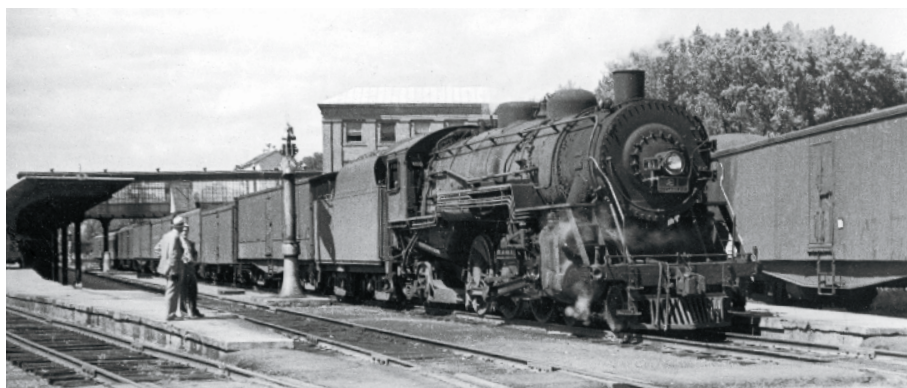
The New Haven became nervous about NYC's New England involvement with its 1899 Boston & Albany lease. The Central, meanwhile, seemed concerned about NH's New York, Ontario & Western holdings, although time would prove this of no matter. A controversial 50-50 stock swap in February 1911 diminished NYC's Rutland interest. More bad news came with the July 1915 Panama Canal Act, which forbade a railroad from owning or controlling a competing interstate water carrier. Rutland Transit Co. — for-

merly Northern Transportation, originated by O&LC — had to go, and with it went most Ogdensburg line traffic.

Then during World War I the United States Railroad Administration (USRA) took over, but for all the negatives concerning its seizure of all roads in 1918, USRA to its credit moved an extraordinary amount of tonnage over all lines. Railroads were returned to their owners in March 1920, with "almost as many battle scars as the U.S. forces in Europe." Rutland did get six new USRA 2-8-2s, Nos. 32–37, and 0-8-0s 109 and 110, all from Alco Pittsburgh, but the switchers worked for NYC in Buffalo during the war and only reached Vermont later.

A roller-coaster decade

On November 3, 1927, after raining off and on in Vermont for several weeks, it began to rain heavily and didn't stop for three days. When this biblical deluge ended, devastation was everywhere, with most communities isolated or heavily damaged. More than 100 of the state's covered bridges were swept away. The Rutland was overwhelmed, with 365 washouts and 17 miles of track gone or buried in landslides, and 263 miles of its



Milk train 88, with 4-6-2 No. 81 up front, pauses at the Burlington station in June 1948 on its 225-mile Ogdensburg–Rutland trek. Its cars were destined for both Boston and New York City.



Rutland steam has only a year left, and passenger service only two, as Ten-Wheeler No. 77 arrives in Rutland with the Boston section of the *Green Mountain Flyer* on September 14, 1951.

Two photos, Jim Shaughnessy

413 out of service. The three-span Win-ooski River bridge near Burlington collapsed; one-third of the Bellows Falls roundhouse floor fell into the Connecticut River; and milk train 88 was scattered on washed out tracks in Proctor.

For 17 days, 1,300 men in 22 work-train crews, plus two 100-man section gangs sent by NYC, labored to put the Rutland back together. The repair cost estimate of \$750,000, even in 1927 dollars, seemed low. Finally on November 20, a manifest train pulled out of Rutland with accumulated mail and express.

Despite all this — the Panama Canal Act effect, the war, inroads of private autos and trucks, the post-USRA rebuilding, and the 1927 flood — the railroad remained solvent into the mid-'30s. The Depression took its toll, though, and by 1937 bond payments ceased. Rutland went into receivership on May 5, 1938.

Management ranks were cut by 40 percent and employee wages by 15 percent. The city of Rutland was hit hard, as more than 800 residents worked for the railroad. After hearings that netted no progress, the judge told the bondholders

to assume control on August 4, which meant certain abandonment as they'd previously promised.

Traffic improved, though, as world tensions increased during events leading to World War II, and the operating unions felt they should be recouping their sacrificed 15 percent pay cut. They threatened a strike, the first in Rutland's 100-year history. With the outbreak of war, though, President Roosevelt voided the embargo notices announcing the proposed shutdown.

Coming: the Caverly years

A "Save the Rutland" booster club was formed, and a dedicated freight, *The Whippet*, was begun between Bellows Falls and Norwood, N.Y., to move Rutland's profitable overhead traffic to the NYC. The mechanical department gave 1913 Alco 2-8-0 No. 28 a coat of shiny black paint, installed silver-trimmed skirting, and lettered THE WHIPPET on her smokebox and tender. After 12 years of procrastination by the ICC and the courts, the Rutland Railway was created on November 1, 1950. Everyone con-

cerned, from Ogdensburg to Chatham, felt the road had been saved.

At the 1954 annual stockholder meeting, director and vice president of finance Gardner A. Caverly, a Vermonter and member of the Boston stock exchange, was named Rutland president. He'd worked as reorganization manager and had been optimistic about the road, spearheading Rutland's order of four 4-8-2s from Alco in 1946, the road's first new engines in 27 years. The beloved L-1 class arrived painted green with a gray smokebox and yellow trim.

They would have short lives, though, as Rutland committed to diesels in 1951. In that year, Rutland received one GE 70-tonner and six Alco RS1s, plus the first of nine RS3s that would end steam; all were painted green, of course. The 4-8-2s helped on the diesels' down payment. When the last four RS3s arrived in 1952, only 10 steam locomotives remained, 5 stored and 5 in service.

The year 1953 was pivotal. The 57-mile Corkscrew was abandoned in favor of rights on B&M and NYC via Troy, N.Y., to Chatham, yielding scrap income from 8,500 tons of rail and steel from bridges to pay for the diesels plus 547 new box, gondola, and hopper cars. Early in the year, Rutland held a public contest to design a new emblem. James Wolfe of North Bennington won the \$25 top prize for his "Green Mt. Gateway" scroll, which was applied to the diesels, plus in 1954, to 50 green-and-yellow PS-1 boxcars. The cars helped Rutland publicize itself and saved it money over hiring off-line cars for on-line traffic.

Caverly also would scrap the Addison branch, remove 15 miles of unused sidings, and cut up 180 old freight cars. His austerity efforts resulted in paying a \$1.25 dividend on preferred stock in 1957, unheard of for years. The non-operating unions now felt they should be earning regular pay scale, and when management said they could not afford it, a strike was called. The entire line was shut down June 26, 1953, the first stoppage in 105 years, but a 4-cents-per-hour pay increase was granted, ending the strike after 21 days. With the strike came the end of Rutland's passenger service, though.

Caverly left the railroad in 1957, and Rutland businessman William I. Ginsburg was elected president. Costs were still rising, so he proposed cutting three operating districts to two, with Burling-



Rutland's L-1 4-8-2s, Nos. 90-93, were pretty but short-lived, built in 1946 but cut up in 1955 to pay for new diesels. In August '52, No. 93 rolls through Proctorsville on one of her last trips.

Stanwood K. Bolton Jr.

ton being the crew-change point. Also, he would run trains only when sufficient cars justified it. This would eliminate crews and require most workers, who lived in Rutland, to drive 60 miles to work. The unions hit the roof; they were not going to set a precedent that could haunt rail labor elsewhere. A strike was called and began September 15, 1960; a Federal injunction ended it 21 days later, and added a one-year cooling-off period.

The situation remained deadlocked. An endless string of meetings, negotiations, and proposals for adjacent roads to take over various parts of the Rutland were held, but Ginsburg applied to the ICC December 4 to abandon the entire 331-mile railroad. After hearings all through Rutland territory, the ICC, in one 57-page document, on September 18, 1962, approved total abandonment, and 119 years of tough railroading ended.

Epilogue

The Rutland was dead, but much of it lived on. In August 1963, Vermont's legislature appropriated \$2.7 million to buy a majority of the track and right of way, and began looking for an operator to lease those portions. This was, at the time, a precedent-setting move which, in the decades since, has been adopted by other states. The line north of Burlington, with no traffic sources, was not included, nor was New York state trackage other than North Bennington-Hoosic Junction at the south end.

A private corporation, Vermont Railways (VTR), was formed by Jay Wulfson, a New Jersey shortline railroader, and began 125-mile Burlington-Bennington operations on January 6, 1964. Rutland-Bellows Falls became the Green Mountain Railroad, acquired by VTR in 1997.

The old O&LC's west end, from Norwood to Ogdensburg, N.Y., was immediately acquired by the Ogdensburg Bridge and Port Authority, which contracted VTR to run it; today it is the New York & Ogdensburg.

VTR now is the Vermont Rail System, operating 350 total miles including marble-hauler Clarendon & Pittsford, acquired in 1972; a line of the Delaware & Hudson to Whitehall, N.Y., in 1983; and the non-Rutland-related Washington County Railroad, the old Montpelier & Barre plus the former Boston & Maine-Canadian Pacific line from White River Junction north to Newport, Vt. Attesting to its success, Vermont Rail System is celebrating its 50th anniversary in 2014. William I. Ginsburg, alas, in 1963 said he was never going to be involved in the railroad business again. **I**

Rutland fact file



(comparative figures are for 1929 and 1961)

Route-miles: 413; 391

Locomotives: 85; 15

Freight cars: 1,778; 465

Passenger cars: 138; 0

Headquarters city: Rutland, Vt.

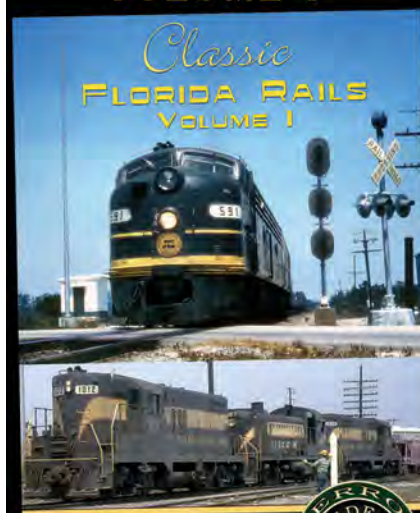
Special interest group: Rutland Railroad Historical Society, Box 6262, Rutland, VT 05701; www.rutlandrr.org

Recommended reading: *The Rutland Road*, by Jim Shaughnessy (Howell-North, 1964; Second Edition, Syracuse University Press, 1997); *Rutland in Color*, by Philip R. Jordan (Morning Sun Books, 2003)

Source: *Historical Guide to North American Railroads* (Kalmbach, 2000)

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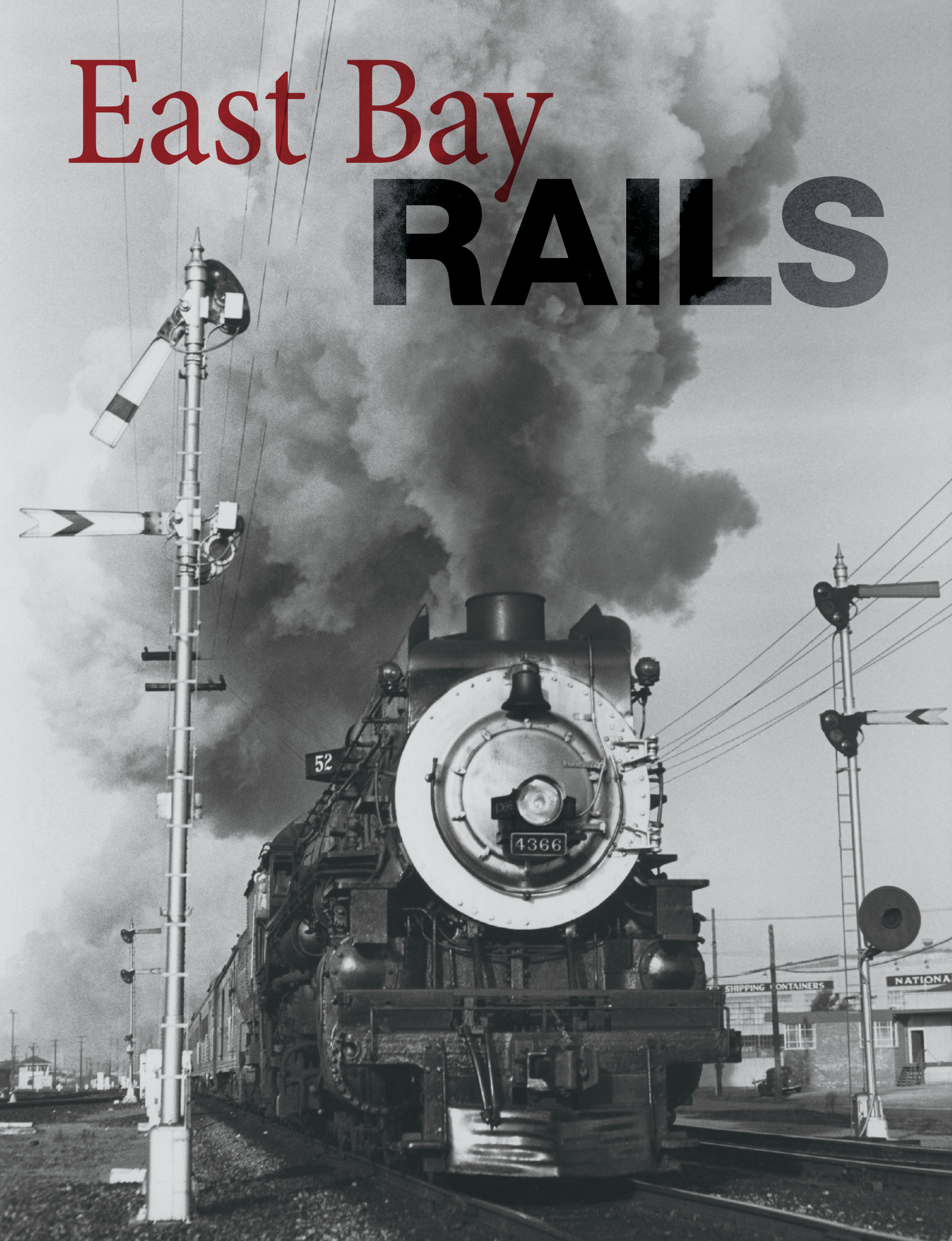
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East Bay **RAILS**





A 4-8-2 (opposite) steams out of Oakland Pier terminal with SP's *San Joaquin Daylight*, February 1950. A Key System "F" train (top) lays over in North Berkeley, 1956. WP's inaugural *California Zephyr* departs Oakland, March 20, 1949.

Growing up with trains near San Francisco in the late 1940s and 1950s

By Fred Matthews • Photos by the author

Over the years since returning to California's San Francisco Bay Area after four decades away, I've been experiencing double vision, looking at present-day rail sites and seeing them as they were when I was growing up there in the decade after World War II. At that time, a vast traditional rail network was still vigorous, swarming with steam locomotives, multicolored passenger trains, and electric

interurbans. My memories contradict a famous comment by the novelist Henry James, who said, in effect, that California was Italy without history. That was around 1905; by the 1940s there were several generations of railroad history still present and operating, notably the rich heritage of the E. H. Harriman years, after 1900, when the steam and electric networks grew to their full extent.

A kid growing up in the Oakland



Santa Fe 4-8-2 3711 (above), having just traversed Franklin Canyon, is 9 miles from the yard at Richmond as it rushes through Herpoco (for Hercules Powder) in October 1947. Hudson 3453 eases out of Santa Fe's Oakland passenger depot and onto Adeline Street with a Chicago-bound train in 1948.



passenger trains each way on its lightly railed single-track line, and not many more freights. Santa Fe's Valley Subdivision hosted four passenger and rather more freights, but through freights terminated in Richmond, 11 miles shy of Oakland to the north. Elegant E1 diesels headed the two pioneer streamliners of 1938, the *Golden Gates*, but Santa Fe's stars were the handsome 3450-class 4-6-4s, the only Hudsons in the far West.

But WP and Santa Fe were marginal players; the dominant actor was Southern Pacific. SP had three main lines out of Oakland, plus numerous switching tentacles, many of them over former electric suburban trackage. SP dispatched about 16 passenger round trips and even more freights daily, powered by a half dozen engine types — plus all those 0-6-0s switching dozens of industries. After so many years I can recall only two distinct SP sounds: the traditional, slightly watery whistles on the 4300-series dual-

foothills had to be deaf to be unaware of the frequency and variety of trains. There were half a dozen distinctive whistles that echoed up from the main lines along the bay, including from two interurbans. The Key System's motormen, some of them boomers off Midwestern electrics, used with freedom the penetrating pneu- phonic air horns on the Key's silver-and- orange articulateds. We could literally set our watches by Ed Herschler, who gave a long, echoing blast most evenings

at 8:34 to terrify opposing traffic as his "B" train turned into Grand Avenue. The long-distance Sacramento Northern ran one or two freights up through the Coast Range; its motors sounded a mellower, more visionary note. There were also, of course, lots of steam whistles, in part because this was still a heavy industrial area, with numerous switching moves.

The three mainline steam roads offered a variety of distinctive whistles, and trains. Western Pacific ran a pair of

service 4-8-2s, and the “steamboat” chimes on the GS-class 4-8-4s.

Not that one heard these whistles constantly. From the late 1930s on, SP, plagued by busy grade crossings, had installed strident single-tone air horns on its newer power — most of the 4-8-2s, some 2400-series 4-6-2s, and all of the 4-8-4s and cab-forward 4-8-8-2s. These horns were sounded for grade crossings, with steam whistles used for “railroad” signaling — starting, stopping, calling for signals, and flagmen. But there was plenty such signaling in a terminal zone.

Favoring stations for photos

I had taken a few rail photos in 1946 with an ancient postcard camera, but postcard film was already hard to find and my results were light-struck because of a leaky bellows. The next year, at age 13, I got a folding Kodak Vigilant that took sharp 2¼ x 3¼-inch pictures. My favorite locations were the half dozen passenger stations in Oakland and Berkeley. I could easily reach them by bike or (until mid-1948) on the bouncy old No. 12 streetcar to SP’s 16th Street depot. The stations were good backdrops, and they had the advantage that steam engines were inclined to make smoke as they accelerated from a stop. To a kid learning photography from Lucius Beebe’s books, with their burnt-in “clouds of sooty pie against the ether,” this was a major plus. The stations had another advantage — as public facilities, they tolerated photographers who behaved safely. More generally, the big roads were remarkably friendly to photographers in the 1950s, even at engine terminals. There were fewer of us than nowadays, and possibly railroad men, knowing that steam would soon be gone, wanted to see a record made.

All the local stations were photogenic, and two of them in Oakland, SP’s imposing structure at First and Broadway and WP’s nearby Beaux Arts mini-palace at Third and Washington, actually fronted on street trackage, where the trains chuffed through truck and auto traffic. Until 1947, the WP crossed an active streetcar line on Broadway, guarded by a flagman. The stations hosted four passenger trains each. WP had the *Exposition Flyer* and *Feather River Express* (actually an all-stops intrastate local). SP ran connecting trains to its *Daylight* and *Lark* at San Jose, the latter with the beautiful cafe-lounge-sleeper-observation that trailed the full train south of San Jose. That car had strong family feeling for me, as my father sometimes rode it to



Sacramento Northern motor 660 pulls its train off Shafter Avenue and onto the 4 percent Contra Costa Hills grade at Rockridge, 1.7 miles out of SN’s Oakland yard, in September 1956.



Western Pacific’s *Feather River Express*, led by Ten-Wheeler 78, pulls up to the road’s Oakland passenger station on 3rd Street in 1947. Next stop is Oakland Pier, where WP’s *California Zephyr* stands to the right of SP’s PA-powered *City of San Francisco* on February 3, 1953.



SP's lone RDC awaits departure at Oakland Pier, circa 1956. When SP applied to drop Oakland–Sacramento local service in the early '50s, regulators ordered the road to buy an RDC for the route. After the state granted discontinuance in '59, SP sent the car to the Northwestern Pacific.



Engine 1293 (Lima, 1924 — one of SP's newest 0-6-0s) pulls the consist of the *San Francisco Overland* out of Oakland Pier for servicing at the West Oakland coach yards in February '53. In this era, the observation car was added to No. 27 at Reno, Nev., and did not make every trip.

and from Los Angeles. (On December 4, 1942, he was riding the *Lark* north when it was rammed by a following section. Luckily, he had to go direct to his office in San Francisco, so was asleep way forward in the 20-car train.) SP had considerable freight activity, trains moving under the imposing semaphore bridges to and from the Coast Line and the San Joaquin Valley via Altamont Pass.

The SP and WP passenger trains originated and terminated 3 miles west of Broadway, at the East Bay's imposing cathedral of transport, the giant wooden trainshed at Oakland Pier, opened in 1882, where passengers and less-than-carload freight transferred to brilliant white steam ferries to San Francisco. The Pier, or "Mole" to SP folk, was hardly elegant, but it had a dark magnificence along with scarcity value, since few other giant sheds existed west of Chicago and St. Louis. In the 1920s it was one of the busiest stations on the continent, with



Cab-forwards 4161 and 4172 rest at SP's West Oakland engine terminal in about 1955. SP had 195 such AC-series 4-8-8-2s, built 1928–44.

hundreds of electric multiple-unit commuter cars and more than 60 steam trains. The M.U.s moved to the new Bay Bridge in 1939, followed by abandonment just two years later, but in 1947 the Pier still hosted about 20 daily train pairs, all steam except for the *City of San Francisco*. Apart from four Sacramento locals, these were long-distance trains: WP to Portola, Calif., Salt Lake City, and Chicago; SP to Portland, Ore., Ogden, Utah, and Chicago; and SP to Los Angeles via three routes (Coast, Valley main, and West Side). As at a modern airport, trains were concentrated at peak times, so the photographic rewards were rich. The dark interior, plus slow film, meant a tripod was essential.

About a mile east of the Pier, SP tracks passed the engine terminal, then split, straight ahead to the WP connection and First and Broadway, and sharply north for the Martinez Subdivision's mainline trains to the Valley and beyond. A half mile beyond the divergence was 16th Street Station, Oakland's main depot, a handsome 1912 structure. The building was a standard Harriman design — those at Sacramento and San Jose are similar — but Oakland received a grand interior and a rich stone facing that give it the look of a Renaissance palace. By 1947 only the skeleton of its second story interurban station remained; action was concentrated at ground level, on the "steam tracks." Only one train at a time could load or unload without hazard, so others often waited at either end. Trains



In another mid-1950s scene under the Oakland Pier trainshed, Alco PA No. 6022 is just in from Sacramento with train 247, due at 8:23 a.m.; the ferry connection to San Francisco left at 8:30.



GS-6 4-8-4 4460 clouds the signal bridge outside SP's 16th Street station in Oakland, and holds the attention of an Alco PA's engine crew, as it departs with a farewell-to-steam excursion in October 1957. The special ran as the second section of Oakland-Sacramento train 224.



Extra 4103 East, powered by one of SP's earliest cab-forward 4-8-8-2s, steams past the Stockyards depot on the climb up to Berkeley in April 1952. Today, Amtrak's Emeryville station — the connecting point for buses to San Francisco — is just south of here.

leaving for the climb to Berkeley, 3.7 miles north, often made a grand sight erupting under the signal bridge.

Halfway to Berkeley, at Shellmound, the freight tracks from the West Oakland yards merged into the passenger mains, followed by a steeper climb past the old Stockyards depot, still open to direct those ever-present 0-6-0s. Berkeley's little Mission-style depot, also built about 1912, stood at the top of the grade. It had heavy patronage, since Berkeley had the kind of people — academics, professionals, businessmen — who traveled by train. My most vivid Berkeley memory is from a decade later, around 1960, when the enthusiastic agent would announce, "The overland streamliner, City of SAN-FRAN-CIS-CO," as smoky Alco PA diesels thundered up from Shellmound.

Infinite variety

Santa Fe's handful of Bay Area passenger trains ran into SP's Mole during



SP Oakland-Ogden train 22, which carried the name *Mail* in the *Official Guide*, conducts its station work at Berkeley one evening in about 1956.

World War I, but mostly used the road's own ferry from Richmond. In 1938 the new *Golden Gate* trains began meeting transbay buses at a Mission-style depot at 40th and San Pablo, next to the Key System electric tracks. Aside from the two streamlined *Gates*, which met buses in Bakersfield to beat SP times to L.A. (the model for Amtrak California's *San Joaquins* of today), there were two slower heavyweight trains, which carried various names — *Scout*, *California Limited*, *Grand Canyon* — and had through cars to points east. Until 1952 these were steam-powered, usually by those handsome Hudsons, which were a wonderful sight walking their trains up the middle of Adeline Street. Otherwise, there was a Consolidation-powered local freight from Richmond, where through freights met carfloats to San Francisco.

There were other stations in the East Bay, including Fruitvale, Stockyards, East Oakland, and Elmhurst on the SP. My favorite was the old Sacramento Northern terminal at 40th and Shafter, where SN interurbans had changed from 1,500 to 600 volts to run over the Key's "C" line. By 1947 SN's compact yard saw one daily freight, brought up from the industrial area by Oakland Terminal motors, then made up in the middle of Shafter Avenue by two or three SN steeple-cabs, ready for the 4 percent grade up over the Contra Costa hills. Since SN existed only to serve Oakland's industrial areas not reached by parent WP, it was running



Victorious PA and PB diesels march past vanquished 4-8-4s with the westbound *San Francisco Overland* at Richmond, 10 miles north (timetable east) of Oakland, on July 23, 1956.

under an indeterminate death sentence. It lasted until 1957, and I came to know it well, riding excursions and walking the whole line.

As of 1946 the Key's five "bridge train" routes were still busy, so much so that a five-car train of old SN interurbans ran a peak round trip on the "F" Berkeley line until 1949. These were still fast cars, more powerful than the Key's own, and could give thrilling rides with a boomer motorman from the Midwest at the controller. The Key's own articulateds had modern bodies, but 1905-era electrical

equipment, and ran mostly over light, decayed street tracks. As motorists multiplied and lost respect for rail traffic, accidents increased, the trains slowed down, and more patrons defected — a classic spiral of decline. But much more decisive for the Key's closure in 1958 was the move to the far suburbs of most of the Key's middle-class commuters.

From the late '40s, Dad and I ventured farther into the East Bay hinterland seeking scenic spots for steam, and for the new streamliners just appearing: the *California Zephyr* and *Shasta Daylight* in



SP GP9 5623 passes the little engine terminal at Port Costa with Oakland–Sacramento train 224 in fall 1956. The filled area above the Geep was the landing for the ferry that carried SP trains across the straits until 1930, when the great bridge at Martinez opened, 4 miles to the east.



Future excursion star SP GS-4 No. 4449 pauses at Martinez with train 51, the L.A.–Oakland *San Joaquin Daylight*, running late at about 6 p.m. in October 1955. At right is the Oakland–Portland *Cascade*, which has stopped short of the depot (out of view to right) until 51 departs.

1949, and the *Cascade* in 1950. (The area's last new streamliner, Santa Fe's *San Francisco Chief*, debuted in '54). Western Pacific and an SP freight line ran through Niles Canyon and the Livermore Valley before climbing over Altamont Pass to the Central Valley. SP's route here was closed in the 1980s, though a heritage line, the Niles Canyon, now runs it west of Sunol. UP container trains on the old WP now share Altamont with San Jose–Stockton Altamont Commuter Express trains.

The hot Martinez Sub

My favorite exurban photo locations were along SP's busy double-track Martinez Subdivision. The best spots were around Pinole, where Santa Fe's single track line ran on the bluff above SP's sharply curved waterside route; Port Costa, a tiny town and engine terminal along Carquinez Strait; and Martinez itself, a 19th-century county-seat town



A cab-forward moves an eastbound freight over SP's colossal bridge over the Carquinez Strait between Martinez and Benicia. Since this circa 1955 view, highway bridges have been built on either side, dwarfing this impressive structure, the second-longest U.S. railroad bridge.

with a wooden depot to match.

The dozen miles along the water from Pinole to Martinez had been California's pioneer industrial area, where heavy industry located away from settlement. Many of these facilities were already in ruins by 1950, like the legendary linear port around Port Costa whence California grain went worldwide from the 1870s to the 1910s. Others, like the Hercules Powder Co. and the giant Selby smelter stack, would be replaced by suburbs after 1970. All SP passenger trains except the *City* stopped at Martinez, where the *Owl*, *San Joaquin Daylight*, and the *Tehachapi* switched just east of the depot onto the "Mococo" line southeast to Tracy and the main Sacramento tracks began a short, steep climb up to the giant Suisun Bay Bridge, completed in 1930 to eliminate an awkward train ferry operation.

So, until almost the end of steam in December 1956, the Martinez Sub charmed us with lots of trains and a great variety of steam power, not to mention passing freighters on the water. Until heavy power — cab-forwards and (briefly) three-cylinder 4-10-2s — came down to the Bay around 1951, freights were usually pulled by 2-8-2s and 4-8-2s, sometimes by Pacifics. They often needed a pusher up to the great bridge. The cab-forwards could do it alone, though I recall one afternoon when one came churning through town, then shut off and ground to a stop when the bridge-



Again at Martinez, Sacramento-bound train 224 shares the platform with No. 11, the Portland-Oakland *Cascade*, around 1954. Southern Pacific men gave the 2400-series Pacific powering 224 the nickname "Sixbits," a reference to the 75 in its road number.

tender threw it a red. After the ship had cleared, the 4-8-2's "restart," as the British call it, was memorable.

The Martinez Sub remains scenic and busy today, despite all the boxy suburban houses at lineside. Union Pacific's freights are fewer in number, but often longer. Passenger traffic has resurged, with about 40 trains calling at Martinez each

weekday, most of which are greeted by multiple connecting Amtrak Thruway buses for points north and south. This compares with 28 daily trains in 1951. Steam and the bright color schemes of the postwar era have vanished, but railroading is still vital in the East Bay.

Overall, it's proof that some good things do last. ■

More on our website

See more of Fred Matthews' East Bay photos from the 1940s and '50s at www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

Hats off to the Santa Fe



In the early 1970s, not all “warbonnets” were red

By J. David Ingles

Photos from the author's collection

Thanks mainly to Lionel, and then other model railroad manufacturers who produced miniature F units so decorated, Santa Fe’s “warbonnet” passenger-diesel livery of a red nose with silver, or stainless steel, flanks and thin yellow and black trim striping, became arguably the most famous and popular diesel locomotive color scheme ever. Applied to more than 150 cab units beginning in the 1930s with Santa Fe’s first *Super Chief* units, the colors and warbonnet style (so nicknamed in keeping with the road’s fleet of “Chiefs,” illustrated by a flowing head-dress) were continued briefly on second-generation EMD and GE passenger units in the late 1960s. Then in 1990, Santa Fe boss Mike Haverty revived the image on modern high-horsepower freight units, a



After my Cleburne, Texas, shop visit on May 2, 1972, I shot this consist (above) with “blue-bonnet” F7A 343L exposed at the service area. Soon we wound up chasing the set (right), with 266C (painted in normal freight blue) leading, north from Cleburne on a Dallas-bound freight.

Three photos, J. David Ingles

practice carried over briefly into the BNSF era after the 1995 merger. Excluding cabless B units, *i.e.*, counting only locomotives with red front ends, there were roughly three times more “modern warbonnets” than there were early passenger ones.

Nevertheless, the livery was — and remains — a color scheme for the ages.

But not all warbonnets were red. For a short time in the early 1970s, Santa Fe experimented with yellow, or blue, paint on some F7s instead of red. Beginning in 1940 with its legions of FTs and going clear through the 1980s, Santa Fe’s road freight diesel colors had been blue and yellow. (And yes, a dozen FT quartets wore the red warbonnet scheme for a

... or maybe not



Above: My first good warbonnet photo was in, of all places, Denver, in fall 1959, of dual-service F7 trio 337 at the C&S-ATSF Rice Yard roundhouse, now the site of Elitch Gardens amusement park.



Amtrak allegedly didn't like the yellowbonnet, as worn by F7A 315L leading the *Super Chief-El Capitan* at Joliet, Ill., on March 24, 1973. The *El Capitan* label would be dropped the following month, and Santa Fe withdrew permission for use of the *Chief* name in May 1974.

J. David Ingles

time when pressed into passenger service after World War II, and early high-horse-power freight hood-unit diesels briefly continued the black-and-silver livery worn by switchers and road-switchers.)

Living off-line but trading color slides with friends across the land, and being a faithful reader of the locomotive news magazine *Extra 200 South*, I was vaguely aware of the existence of non-red Santa Fe warbonnets, but a trip to Texas in 1972 put me smack in their territory. At the time, F units still ruled Santa Fe's world in the heart of the Lone Star State.

Mid-afternoon on Tuesday, May 2, found me finished with a visit to Santa Fe's diesel shop at Cleburne for background on what became the "24th Annual Motive Power Survey" in August 1972 *TRAINS*. Its theme was that firms and facilities other than EMD and GE

were turning out diesels, and Cleburne was a key player. Santa Fe people there were in the early years of the program of converting F units to CF7 ("converted F7") road-switchers. Originally envisioned to encompass 100 units, the program wound up turning out 233 CF7s from late 1969 to early 1978.

After visiting Montreal Locomotive Works and returning home, I'd come to Cleburne by rail, via Chicago, New Orleans, and Houston on Amtrak's *Panama Limited*, *Sunset Limited*, and *Texas Chief*. My wife Carol accompanied me; we took the *Chief* through Cleburne to Fort Worth, rented a car, and drove back south the 30 miles to the shop town. Carol dropped me off in mid-morning and went sightseeing on her own.

(Pardon the interruption, but that detail would have no relevancy here were it

not for a humorous anecdote. When I re-joined Carol after finishing my shop tour and interviews, she asked me if I'd heard the sonic boom, caused by a military jet a couple of hours earlier. I hadn't. "Well," she said, "you won't believe this, but I was having lunch at the Sonic Boom Drive-In when I heard it!" As Midwesterners, we did not know of the Sonic chain of eateries, which originated in Oklahoma in 1953 and by 1972 had grown to 165 drive-ins spanning from Missouri to New Mexico. Today Sonic has 3,500 outlets in 43 states.)

Being done with my Santa Fe work, I shot a few diesel slides on the ready tracks by the yard, where F units in several liveries reposed. We then headed back to Fort Worth, chasing the north-bound freight pictured on the previous page, with the five F units, up the freight-only line toward Dallas. (We would fly home on Ozark the next day.)

Reliving this chase through my rediscovered slides got me curious about those "off-color" warbonnets, so you also see here examples of slides from my files of Santa Fe's "yellowbonnets" and "bluebonnets."

Santa Fe experts tell me more than two dozen cab units, plus about as many B units, were known to be given the non-red look, so among the road's hundreds of F units at the time, the "oddbonnets" represented a small percentage:

- Two cabs and a booster of the 300-class passenger F7s leased to Amtrak were given yellowbonnets, but Amtrak objected and no more passenger-assigned units were repainted. These units were the survivors, renumbered for Amtrak assignment, among Santa Fe's 16-class F3s and 37-class F7s.
- Of Santa Fe's 325-class dual-service F7s, 7 cabs and several boosters were giv-



The devil is in the details — note the subtle differences in nose striping on F7 334L and F9s 286L and 289C, in photos taken from 1972 to 1974.

Photos from left: Ed Fulcomer, Bruce Barrett, Steve Patterson



The B units behind F9A 281C, in fall 1974 at Fort Worth, Texas, show respectively, the freight yellowbonnet wide stripe at bottom, and the passenger yellowbonnet and bluebonnet versions. Santa Fe perhaps unintentionally created a model railroader's delight . . . or nightmare.

Robert P. Schmidt

en bluebonnets, but this livery was soon discontinued owing to trackside visibility issues. There were 14 yellowbonnets in this class, with seven versions of details on the nose emblems and stripes.

- Of the 200-class freight F7s, only one cab, 271C, received a yellowbonnet on a blue body, in 1972, but it was wrecked 18 months later. Several B units got wide yellow stripes at the bottom of the carbody to match.

- Seven cab units of the 281-class freight F9As were repainted with a yellowbonnet on blue carbody, and several B units were done to match. Again, there were some variations on nose emblems and stripes.

It all was a noble experiment, or in retrospect, maybe not. Some might call it a blasphemous and misguided attempt to distance the Santa Fe, in those early Amtrak years, from any reminder (*i.e.*,

red and silver) of what had been widely regarded as the best passenger-train operation in the land. Personally, I thought the bluebonnet was an attractive choice, although a big splash of yellow on a silver unit, while a bit much, did improve visibility. But it all became moot within a few years as all the oddbonnets joined the ranks of the CF7 conversions, units many observers might call unattractive no matter what colors they wore. ■



Only the emblem and below on F7s 345 and 330 in 1973 are different. Santa Fe management preferred yellow to blue (on 329) for better visibility.

Photos from left: R. R. Wallin, Bruce Barrett, John Arbuckle

Cotton Belt on the MoPac at Gorham, Ill.

A fast freight rides a two-railroad speedway in May 1971

Text and photo by Jerry A. Pinkepank



1 Cotton Belt freight. A St. Louis Southwestern Railway (SSW, common nickname Cotton Belt) freight rolls north on Missouri Pacific tracks May 8, 1971, at Gorham, Ill., on the 123.7 miles of MoPac trackage rights Cotton Belt used to reach the Illinois side of the St. Louis terminal complex at Valley Junction, Ill. The line was built in 1905, when George Gould owned both roads, and included a spectacular Mississippi River bridge linking Thebes, Ill., and Illinois, Mo., where the two railroads met. After both MP and SSW went into bankruptcy, Southern Pacific in 1932 acquired the Cotton Belt, providing SP with entry to both the St. Louis terminal and Memphis. Although the roads had become bitter rivals by this time, MP still had to host SSW because, under Federal regulations, trackage rights once granted are a Certificate of Public Convenience and Necessity and cannot be revoked; the Interstate Commerce Commission required reasonable contract terms and equal treatment of operations. (Today, this is no longer relevant on this line since both MP and SP have been merged into Union Pacific.)



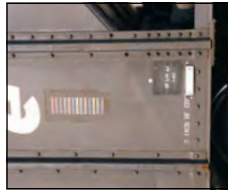
MP's Illinois-Thebes bridge, from the Illinois side of river, February 1971. Jerry A. Pinkepank

2 GP30s. The GP30 was General Motors' hasty response to General Electric's 2,500 h.p. U25B, but 2,250 h.p. was all GM's Electro-Motive Division felt comfortable in forcing into its relatively small traction motors at the time. GM automotive stylists were asked to devise a novel appearance for the GP30, resulting in the distinctive rooftop profile. A total of 948 were built during 1961-63 (Cotton Belt got 10) before the model was succeeded by the GP35, which

had a more angular roofline. By 1971 it was rare to see GP30s in top-line service like this.

3 Injector trouble. EMD used a gearing arrangement at lower rpm's on its turbocharged locomotives like the GP30, so unlike the turbocharged units of other builders, EMDs did not normally emit much if any black or brown smoke. This exhaust suggests sticky injectors.

4 ACI label. Automatic Car Identification was a color barcode system designed to be read by wayside scanners, and the labels were required on all interchanged rolling stock by vote of the carriers through the Association of American Railroads. Because locomotives often ran through to connecting roads, and because railroads wanted to track their own power, most line-haul locomotives got labels as well. The requirement for interchange equipment to carry ACI labels lasted from 1967 to 1978, when it was terminated by another AAR vote due to disagreements about keeping the labels clean or replacing them. More than a decade later, a radio-based system, Automatic Electronic Identification (AEI), not dependent on clean labels, was adopted in place of ACI.



ACI label on hopper car. Keith Thompson

5 Jointed rail. MP owned, maintained, and dispatched this line. The track consists of 132-lb. (per yard) rail joined with 36-inch-long, six-bolt joint bars, with the nuts placed on alternating sides to help counter the tendency of bolts to work loose. MP was slow to adopt continuous welded rail but had begun to install it by 1971.

Before that, it had tried using the proprietary Huck bolt, normally used in freight-car construction, in place of conventional bolts, intending to make the joint as firm as a weld. The perfect surface condition under load evident in the picture shows that MP knew how to keep jointed track in top shape. Normally, track would be visibly depressed at the joints under the weight of the locomotives, but not here. MP normally pre-

ferred an unusual 119-lb. rail section, but it was a common phenomenon in trackage-rights maintenance that, because expenses were shared, the maintaining road would apply higher standards to the joint line, and in this case the high gross ton-miles of this busy railroad warranted the greater beam strength of the heavier rail.



Six-hole joint bar, with electrical bond to span joint; tie ends and crib not ballasted. H. Reid

6 Deep ballast, no shoulder. It was once common not to fill the crib (the space between the ties) full of ballast, even on heavy-duty lines, and the ends of the ties were generally left exposed too. By the 1960s it was the practice to fully fill the crib, but only with welded rail did it become a requirement to provide a big shoulder of ballast, typically 12 inches out from the tie end, to contain the powerful lateral forces set up by summer temperatures in continuous welded rail, even with the increased number of rail anchors normally applied to keep the rail from "running" (sliding longitudinally over the ties from thermal expansion or the pressure of heavy braking). This ballast illustrates good practice for jointed rail. Note the lack of mud splashes on the rail, otherwise common at joints.



Typical ballast for welded rail, with cribs filled and a wide shoulder. Jerry A. Pinkepank

7 Signal gantry. When MP acquired the west half of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois in 1968, MP's branch from Gorham to Benton, Ill., became the route to connect MP to Chicago via the C&E. The branch had a wye connection and a crossover that needed signaling under Federal rules specifying that signals must be placed to the right of the track governed (rules that had just been relaxed in 1971 but applied when these signals were installed.) To accomplish this, a signal bridge or gantry was required.

8 Color-light signals. MoPac did not like searchlight signals, which most roads would have used in a Centralized Traffic Control (CTC) installation like this. In fact, MP so disliked them that when it took full control of longtime subsidiary Texas & Pacific, it replaced T&P's searchlight signals with color-light types. Although almost universally accepted by railroads generally, the moving part that provided the color changes in a searchlight signal was a maintenance issue and a potential source of false proceed indications, so MP eschewed the design.

9 Pole line. In the classic era, you could always tell a main line by the multi-crossarm pole line marching alongside it. By 1971 pole-line-based communication systems were being replaced by microwave or phone company leased lines and now have largely vanished.

10 Telephone booth. Wherever there was a CTC control point in the classic era, there would also be a railroad telephone, because, before universal use of radio on locomotives, if a train came to a red home signal, the crew was required by rule to go immediately to the nearest phone and contact the dispatcher. A small phone box on a pole was more common, but MP liked full-fledged phone booths.

11 Bi-level auto-rack car. From their introduction in the 1950s into the 1980s, auto-racks were open; shippers eventually insisted on adding sides and roofs to reduce damage. The rack structure is separate, attached to an 89-foot TOFC-style flatcar. Bi-levels were used for trucks and vans, tri-levels for automobiles.

Southern Ps-4 No. 6691 accelerates mail-and-express train 19 south after a stop at Alexandria station to change crews. In the background of this December 22, 1951, study of steam at speed is the landmark George Washington Masonic National Memorial.



ALEXANDRIA

A busy point just south of the nation's capital was a fine place to watch trains in the early 1950s



C&O trains reached Alexandria via 76 miles of trackage rights on the Southern from Orange, Va. On June 19, 1951, C&O 2-10-2 No. 2001 (built for Wabash in 1917, acquired by C&O from C&EI in '45) leads a Potomac Yard-bound coal train from SOU to RF&P tracks at AF Tower.



Handsome RF&P 4-8-4 No. 617, named for Virginia statesman John Randolph, passes AF Tower with a northbound troop train of mostly ACL equipment on December 21, 1951. Built in 1945 as part of RF&P's final order of 4-8-4s, the engine is just 6 years old.

STEAM SHOW

By William E. Hopkins • Photos by the author

A Southern FP7 and F3B are in charge of a 14-car, mostly heavyweight, northbound *Birmingham Special* on June 19, 1951. Passing through AF interlocking, No. 18 is moments away from its Alexandria station stop.



In another photo at AF, Southern 4-6-2 No. 6482 (numbered and sublettered for SOU subsidiary CNO&TP) heads into Alexandria with a mail-and-express train from the south on December 22, 1951. The well-attired man running the Ps-4 is likely a road foreman or some other official.



Southern received 59 class As-11 USRA-design 0-8-0s during 1918–1926. Lima-built No. 1846 was from the final group, and was also the last SOU steam switcher at Alexandria, arriving in 1948. Local shop crews salvaged the “SR” smokebox emblem from a wrecked E7 diesel.



A classic quartet of F7s on Southern train 155 passes the Alexandria station on the freight tracks from Pot Yard in September 1952.

While I was in high school in February 1951, it became necessary for me to take allergy shots in downtown Washington, D.C. Once every three weeks, after school I would travel by bus and streetcar from my home in Silver Spring, Md. I thought I could add more interest to the return trip by heading over to Union Station after my appointment and catch-

ing one of the two scheduled Baltimore & Ohio Brunswick (Md.) commuter trains, still steam-powered, usually by a P-1c Pacific. The ride was only about 20 minutes, but it was all upgrade.

About a year previously, I started to photograph the last of steam, mostly on the B&O since it was close to home. On my first trip home out of Union Station we passed many engines shuttling be-

tween the station and Washington Terminal's Ivy City enginehouse. These were mostly diesels and Pennsylvania GG1 electrics, but much to my surprise I spotted a Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac 4-8-4 and a Southern Railway Ps-4 Pacific, both of which I thought were long gone from this area.

Soon I hit on the idea of going to Alexandria, Va., 8 miles south of Union Sta-



C&O 493, one of four class L-1 streamlined 4-6-4s the road rebuilt from 4-6-2s after World War II to power the Louisville and Newport News sections of its planned *Chessie* streamliner, brings train 4, the *Sportsman*, through AF interlocking at 2:30 p.m. on March 31, 1951.



C&O train 5, the outbound *Sportsman*, departs Alexandria in September 1951. C&O's first 10 E8s, including Nos. 4007 and 4009 here, were delivered in the blue-and-yellow paint scheme applied to freight units, while the remaining 21 E8s came in blue-yellow-gray passenger livery.



C&O's L-1 class of 4-6-4s rebuilt from 4-6-2s consisted of four streamlined members (top photo) and one ugly duckling, No. 494. The severe-looking Hudson is pictured on June 19, 1951, with the westbound *Sportsman* shortly after departing Alexandria.



At the rarely photographed station adjacent to the Pot Yard office building, C&O class F-18 Pacific No. 483 is doing close to 70 mph with the *Sportsman* for Washington. At this time, March 1951, L-1 Hudsons were the usual power on this train; by late summer, E8s would be common.



C&O 2-10-2 No. 2950, built for Lehigh Valley in 1919 (note the Wooten firebox), heads south out of Alexandria on March 31, 1951. The 2-10-2 was among 12 that came to C&O by way of the Hocking Valley, which bought them from LV in the early '20s. Tracks at right go to the SOU yard.

tion, to take photos. Alexandria was then the site of RF&P's vast Potomac Yard, one of the busiest in the East. Opened in 1906, "Pot Yard" was served from the north by B&O, PRR, and (on a former Southern branch) Washington & Old Dominion and from the south by RF&P, Southern, and Chesapeake & Ohio.

Near the station, Southern had a modest-size yard, a 20-stall roundhouse, and a shop capable of heavy repairs on steam locomotives. Southern closed the shop as a major facility in 1949, but still maintained and fueled its engines there instead of paying RF&P to perform those services at Pot Yard. Hostlers ferried the

engines to and from Pot Yard. Also unique to Southern was the "Cut-Off" crew. This was an engineer and fireman who would shuttle passenger trains between Washington and Alexandria; road crews would handle the trains south of Alexandria. Conductors and trainmen would get on or off at Washington.



Minutes out of Potomac Yard, B&O Mikado 4632 is on PRR trackage in Washington, passing Pennsy's 14th Street Yard on November 3, 1950. In a few miles, the Q-4 will enter B&O trackage at Anacostia Junction. The catenary is for PRR freight motors running to and from Pot Yard.



In a December 22, 1951, shot, RF&P dual-service 4-8-4 No. 609, *Gov. John Letcher*, passes Alexandria station with a caboose out of Pot Yard.



RF&P engine 621, the 4-8-4 *Richard Henry Lee*, slows for Alexandria with the *Cotton Blossom*, a Seaboard Air Line train that originated in Birmingham, Ala. It's 9:37 a.m. on February 1, 1952, and diesels have relegated steam to secondary trains such as this.



In a bucolic setting, PRR P5a No. 4765 heads for the short tunnel under the Washington–Alexandria passenger line as it enters the north end of Potomac Yard on June 25, 1951.

Alexandria Union Station, just south of the yard, was a hotbed of passenger activity (and still is today, with a rapid-transit station adjacent). A study of time-tables for 1951 shows some 30 daily Atlantic Coast Line and Seaboard Air Line trains, which RF&P handled north of Richmond. Southern added 22, all diesel-powered except for mail-and-express trains, which were hauled by Pacifics. C&O's 6 daily trains were all steam until late summer 1951, when E8 diesels began to arrive. In addition there were winter-only Florida trains, holiday-season mail-and-express extras, troop trains moving personnel during the Korean War, and of course freight traffic.

Not yet having a driver's license, I would rely on public transportation to reach Alexandria. To avoid drawing attention by hanging around the station, I walked about a quarter-mile south to

where Telegraph Road tunneled under the tracks. This was in view of RF&P's AF Tower, where Southern and RF&P came together.

This was a comfortable place to hang out and offered a good view of oncoming trains. About a half block away was the Temple View Trailer Court that had a

small eatery. It was a good place to get a hot bowl of chili during cold weather. The restaurant's Wurlitzer jukebox provided my first big introduction to country music.

Thanks to those allergy shots, I was able to make several trips to Alexandria before the end of steam. ■



STREET FIGHT **in Chicago**

In 1955, longtime transfer firm Parmelee lost the right to move intercity passengers between downtown terminals, and the war with John Keeshin was on

By Clifford J. Downey



Changing trains in Chicago often required going from one station to another, which for decades was facilitated by the Parmelee Co. As an example, these circa-1960 photos illustrate arriving into La Salle Street on New York Central's *Wolverine* from Detroit (left) and leaving from Central Station on an Illinois Central train (from left: IC's *Land o' Corn* for Iowa, *Panama Limited* for New Orleans, and *Seminole* for Florida).

Two photos, J. David Ingles collection

With its six major passenger terminals, Chicago was a great place for railfans. But for the traveling public, Chicago could be a great big hassle. Except for a handful of run-through Pullmans in the post-World War II era, every rail passenger traveling through the city had to change trains. And quite often the connecting train departed from a cross-town terminal. Beginning in the mid-1800s, railroads contracted with the Parmelee Transportation Co. to transfer passengers and baggage between the terminals. Parmelee was a Chicago institution, and to the traveling public was almost as famous as the city's "L."

But in a surprising turn of events, in 1955 Parmelee was dumped in favor of a new company, Railroad Transfer Service, controlled by trucking executive John Keeshin. The transition from Parmelee to RTS was complex, just like Chicago

railroading in general, and the battle was prolonged and smacked of typical Chicago politics. There were lawsuits and a scandal that brought down the head of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the issue twice reached the U.S. Supreme Court.

Parmelee's rich tradition

In 1853 Frank Parmelee formed a transfer company to carry passengers and baggage among rail stations, hotels, and private residences in Chicago. Legend has it that Parmelee began his business with just six coaches and 30 horses. Thanks to his superior service and reasonable rates, the railroads granted Parmelee a monopoly on the transfer business between the Chicago passenger terminals. Passengers traveling through the city were issued a Parmelee transfer coupon with their tickets. Upon arrival in the Windy City, passengers would go

to the Parmelee counter, present the transfer coupon, and be whisked across town to the departing terminal with their luggage. Parmelee could also deliver or pick up passengers at downtown hotels, offices, and residences. Parmelee received a set fee for each passenger carried, with the transfer fee paid by the outbound railroad. The 21 intercity rail carriers, plus electric interurbans CA&E, North Shore Line, and South Shore Line, were represented in their business dealings with Parmelee by the Western Passenger Association, a trade group. (See page 48 for a list of stations and roads.)

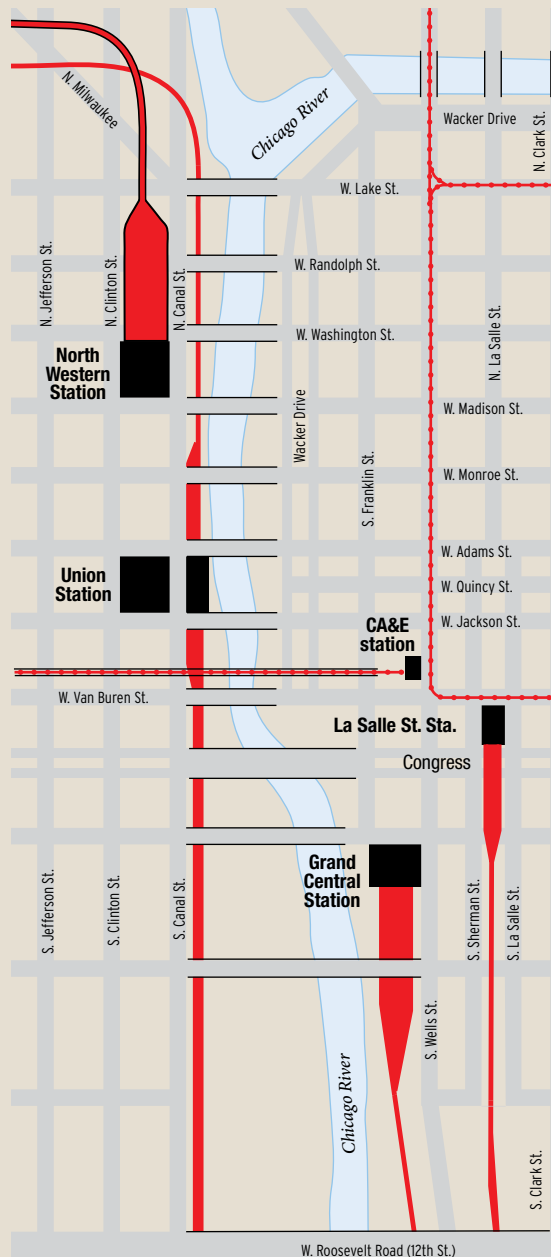
Frank Parmelee retired in 1898, and control of the company passed to his oldest sons, Charles and John. The firm was sold in November 1901, but continued to be known as Frank Parmelee Co. Longtime general manager Charles McCullough purchased the company in 1919 and renamed it The Parmelee Co.

Continued on page 48



NORTH WESTERN served only its namesake railroad, but C&NW had three main lines into Chicago and ran intercity trains until Amtrak. A new head building here hosts Metra trains.

Mike Schafer



0 1/4 1/2 mile
© 2014, Kalmbach Publishing Co., CLASSIC TRAINS, Bill Metzger
Not all lines shown

ALL CHANGE: Chicago's 6 steam-road and 3 interurban terminals



UNION consisted of two head buildings, connected under Canal Street. The structure at right was razed for a skyscraper, but the portion beyond, with its great hall and offices, remains.

Mike Schafer



GRAND CENTRAL served four railroads but was mainly B&O's terminal. In June 1962, train 7, the *Shenandoah*, backs toward the arched trainshed, as we look north from Roosevelt Road.

Bob Krone



DEARBORN, owned by C&WI (three RS1s seen), served six Class 1s, Santa Fe the biggest (two trains visible, also Erie, GTW, Wabash cars). Monon F3s are front and center in July 1955.

Dan Pope collection



LA SALLE STREET, as seen looking south from across Van Buren, fronted on the Loop.

CLASSIC TRAINS collection



CENTRAL, built on the lakefront, was next to Illinois Central's General Offices, at right.

Jim Boyd



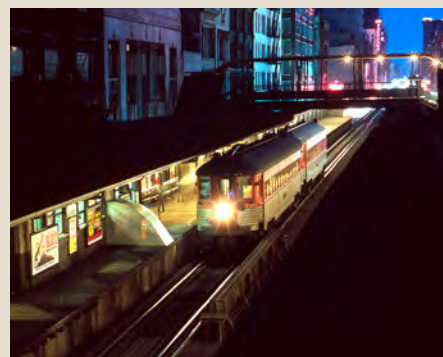
CHICAGO AURORA & ELGIN terminated at its Wells St. station by the Loop until 1953.

George Krambles; Krambles-Peterson Archive



SOUTH SHORE had its own terminal east of and above IC's electric lines at Randolph St.

Bill Janssen; Krambles-Peterson Archive



NORTH SHORE LINE used CTA's Loop, with its own terminal on South Wabash Ave.

Robert A. Cafilisch; Helen Cafilisch collection

WHO USED WHICH CHICAGO TERMINALS

STEAM ROADS (CA. 1953)

NORTH WESTERN STATION, Canal & Madison Sts.: Chicago & North Western
UNION STATION, Canal & Adams Sts.: Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Milwaukee Road; Gulf, Mobile & Ohio; Pennsylvania
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, Harrison & S. Wells Sts.: Baltimore & Ohio; Chesapeake & Ohio (ex-Pere Marquette); Chicago Great Western; Soo Line
LA SALLE STREET STATION, La Salle & Van Buren Sts.: New York Central; Rock Island; Nickel Plate Road (NYC&StL)
DEARBORN STATION, Polk & Dearborn Sts.: Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe; Chicago & Eastern Illinois; Chicago & Western Indiana; Erie; Grand Trunk Western; Monon (CI&L); Wabash
CENTRAL STATION, 135 E. 11th Place: Illinois Central; NYC (Big Four Route)

ELECTRIC INTERURBANS

CHICAGO AURORA & ELGIN, 314 S. Wells St.
NORTH SHORE LINE, 223 S. Wabash Avenue (on CTA's Loop).
SOUTH SHORE LINE, 151 E. Randolph St. (adjacent to Illinois Central electric)

Continued from page 45

Then in 1929 it was sold again, becoming a subsidiary of a new entity, Parmelee Transportation, and in 1934 it was liquidated into that parent company.

Enter Morris Markin

Parmelee Transportation was controlled by Morris Markin, who owned Checker Cab Manufacturing Co., maker of the famed taxicabs. Born in Russia in 1893, Markin at age 19 emigrated to the U.S. and settled in Chicago. During World War I he opened a small textile factory and made a small fortune selling uniforms to the U.S. military. After the war he branched into the taxicab business and quickly gained a reputation as a tough, hard-hitting, and aggressive competitor. Markin was implicated in much of the violence during the Chicago "taxi-cab wars" of the 1920s, when cabbies fought, both literally and figuratively, to protect their territories. Scores of drivers were beaten, countless cabs were destroyed, and several lives were lost. Markin's own Chicago home was firebombed in June 1923, so he moved to Kalamazoo, Mich., where Checker Cab Manufacturing was building a new factory.

During the 1930s Parmelee Transportation and Checker Cab Manufacturing expanded their operations to Pittsburgh and Minneapolis, and the companies branched into areas such as automobile insurance, gasoline sales, and maintenance. Then in July 1945 Markin organized Continental Air Transport (no relation to any airline) to carry passengers between Chicago's Midway Airport and downtown hotels. The Chicago railroads became concerned that their transfer service was being overlooked in favor of Markin's growing taxi empire, and they

were also concerned about rising costs. In 1945 Parmelee charged a fee of 85 cents per passenger, but by 1951 that had risen to \$1. A six-member Western Passenger Association committee, with a railroad representative from the largest carrier at the six steam-road terminals — Santa Fe, Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago & North Western, Illinois Central, New York Central, and Pennsylvania — was formed in 1951 to solicit bids for the service, but only Parmelee submitted a bid.

At the time, Parmelee — in addition to being at the nine downtown terminals — maintained offices at two outlying Illinois Central stations in the city; Englewood Union Station (NYC, PRR, RI, NKP); C&NW's Davis St. station in Evanston; two other close-to-the-Loop Chicago sites; and "leading hotels." Parmelee also served the Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Co.'s docks at the southeast end of Navy Pier.

By January 1954, the transfer fee had risen to \$1.20 per passenger, and in that month Parmelee asked for a boost to \$1.25. In fall 1954 the roads agreed to raise the fee to \$1.22, but the WPA committee was once again directed to rebid the service. Throughout late 1954 about a dozen companies were contacted, but only three submitted bids: Parmelee, the Willett Co. (a Chicago-based freight transfer firm), and trucker John L. Keeshin. Willett withdrew its bid in early '55, leaving only Parmelee and Keeshin.

On February 1, 1955, the WPA committee issued a report to all 21 railroads employing Parmelee's services. According to the report, Parmelee sought to increase the transfer fee to \$1.25 over five years. In contrast, Keeshin proposed an initial rate of \$1.20, escalating to \$1.27 over five years. Parmelee submitted a revised bid on March 15, which included a promise to immediately buy \$500,000 worth of new equipment. On March 17 the committee met to discuss this new bid, which was positively received. A New York Central executive even wrote Parmelee on March 24 to state, "I see no reason why it should not be adopted by the Chicago terminal lines, as it impresses me as being fair and reasonable." It seemed Parmelee would retain the business, but John Keeshin refused to give in.

Setting the stage for drama

Even as a youth, Keeshin was accustomed to getting what he wanted. When he was 13 his dad, a poultry dealer on the raucous West Side, offered him a job driving a delivery wagon. The younger





Keeshin refused and demanded his own route with his own horse and wagon. This humble start evolved into Keeshin Motor Express (later renamed Keeshin Freight Lines), one of the nation's largest trucking firms. During World War II the company was battered by increased labor costs and the inability to replace worn-out equipment. KFL filed for bankruptcy on January 31, 1946, and in 1954 was sold to C&R Transportation and renamed General Expressways. John Keeshin rebounded, and in August 1950 purchased the C. A. Conklin Truck Lines of Toledo, Ohio, which was renamed Keeshin Transport System.

Always on the lookout for new business ventures, Keeshin was well aware that the Chicago railroads were paying Parmelee about \$1.5 million annually for the transfer service. In addition to submitting a bid, Keeshin got hold of friends and business contacts who might help him win the contract. One of them was longtime friend Hugh Cross, who had served as Illinois lieutenant governor 1941-49 and afterward was appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

THE BATTLE WAS LONG, AND SMACKED OF CHICAGO POLITICS

In late March 1955, Keeshin met with Cross at his office in Washington, D.C. Cross agreed to contact the railroads on Keeshin's behalf, although it clearly violated his duty to remain neutral. Between April 18 and June 8, Cross placed four calls to B&O President Howard Simpson, and he then met with Simpson at B&O's Baltimore headquarters. Cross also traveled to Philadelphia and met with PRR Vice-President Fred Carpi. Then on April 29, Illinois Central President Wayne Johnston, another long-time friend of Cross, stopped by Cross's ICC office during a routine visit. On May 13, Cross placed a call to C&NW President Paul Feucht. Immediately afterward

Feucht wrote a memo, which included the notation that "Hugh Cross stated that he was very much interested in seeing that J. L. Keeshin got the new contract."

On May 19, the WPA committee met again and evaluated the competing bids. Afterward, several committee members wrote memos to their superiors in support of Parmelee. The Santa Fe representative wrote a memo on May 23 stating, "We propose to recommend the continuance of our arrangement with Parmelee because of our long association with that company and its satisfactory transfer of our passengers and baggage between terminals." That same day the C&NW representative wrote to senior management, "It is the view of our passenger people . . . that Parmelee should be awarded the contract because of their years of experience." A final meeting of the committee was set for June 3 to vote.

In a last-ditch effort to sway the railroads, Cross traveled to Chicago May 31 and had separate visits with ICC President Johnston, an assistant to C&NW President Feucht, and representatives from other roads. The visits must have been persuasive, for when the WPA committee met again on June 3, it voted unanimously to award the contract to Keeshin. On June 13 this vote was ratified by all 21 railroads, and that same day Parmelee was formally notified that its contract would be canceled effective September 30, 1955. A new Keeshin-owned company, Railroad Transfer Service, would take over the transfer service October 1, 1955.

Markin punches back

An enraged Morris Markin quickly fought back. At his urging, on July 26,

In typical artwork of the pre-World War II era, a Parmelee brochure illustrated the firm's purpose and listed its offices and the stations.

Author's collection

1955, the Chicago City Council passed an amendment to the city's taxicab ordinance. All vehicles used to transfer passengers between railroad stations now had to be licensed by the City Commissioner of Licenses (previously, no such license was required). Before issuing a license, the commissioner had to consider the need for additional transfer vehicles, public safety, and in general, any factors he wanted to consider. Additionally, the City Council reserved the right to determine how many, if any, new licenses would be issued. Companies already in the business of transferring railroad passengers were exempt from the ordinance. Not coincidentally, Parmelee was the only company that qualified for this.

During a brief ceremony at Union Station on September 19, 1955, John Keeshin and the WPA signed a five-year contract for the transfer service. By this date Railroad Transfer Service had assembled a fleet of 60 trucks and 75 station wagons and buses. The firm had also hired more than 100 drivers, most of whom had worked for Parmelee. To avoid conflict with the new city ordinance, RTS would only transport passengers between railroad stations. Addi-



Upon arriving Chicago, a transferring passenger would go to the Parmelee (later RTS) counter, present the coupon, and ride across downtown.

tionally, it would not accept cash fares. However, RTS and the railroads refused to apply for licenses, contending that the transfer business was part of the railroads' interstate commerce business and thus not subject to local regulation.

Tension rose dramatically in late September. Chicago city officials threatened to arrest RTS drivers if the company did not obtain licenses for their vehicles, but John Keeshin refused. Meanwhile, a Parmelee spokesman defiantly declared the company would "operate as we have in the past" and would not remove its equipment or supplies from any depots. To help prevent violence, the Chicago police department assigned 140 officers to patrol the stations, plus the routes between them. On October 1, the date of the transition from Parmelee to RTS, there was some confusion among passengers, ticket agents, and station personnel. A few passengers missed their connecting trains, and some luggage was misplaced, but there were no serious acts of violence, and the police patrols were discontinued after a few days.

Controversy at the ICC

Meanwhile, trouble was brewing for Hugh Cross. On July 1, 1955, he became chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Shortly afterward, news of his involvement in the Parmelee-RTS affair leaked out. The matter was referred to the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, which probed the matter with assistance from counsel Robert F. Kennedy. On November 15, 1955, the Subcommittee held a closed-door hear-

ing. C&NW President Feucht and IC President Johnston appeared in person, while B&O President Simpson and Santa Fe President Fred Gurley submitted sworn affidavits. All four presidents testified that Cross wanted Keeshin to get the transfer contract, but Cross offered no special favors to the roads. John Keeshin and Hugh Cross testified in person, and each denied that any special favors had been requested, or offered. On November 23, Cross submitted his resignation from the ICC, effective immediately, and soon the Senate Subcommittee closed its investigation.

The transition from Parmelee to RTS was accompanied by a lot of legal wrangling. On October 14, 1955, Parmelee sued the New York Central and Rock Island, claiming the firm had been illegally locked out of La Salle Street Station. A settlement was reached a few days later, allowing Parmelee to use the station until its lease expired on November 12. Afterward, Parmelee vacated the station.

This dispute was just a prelude. On December 1, 1955, Parmelee sued the Western Passenger Association and all 21 participating railroads (not the interurbans) in state court for \$8.5 million. The suit claimed that from 1935 to 1955 the railroads had underpaid for the shipment of baggage. Additionally, Parmelee claimed the railroads used chartered buses to transport large groups between stations, but that business belonged to Parmelee. After languishing in the court system for several years, the case was dismissed at Parmelee's request in 1962.

On February 16, 1956, Parmelee filed

a suit in federal court against John Keeshin, Hugh Cross, and the six-member WPA committee, plus B&O President Simpson, C&NW President Feucht, IC President Johnston, and Santa Fe President Gurley. The lawsuit claimed there was a conspiracy to switch the transfer business from Parmelee to RTS. Parmelee claimed \$6.4 million in actual damages, representing the amount of money it would lose during the five-year contract between the railroads and RTS. Parmelee also asked that the damages be tripled to \$19.2 million as provided by anti-trust laws, and that the contract between RTS and the railroads be voided.

CITY LICENSES? WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN' LICENSES

A jury trial was held, but after Parmelee's lawyers presented their case, Judge Julius Miner ordered the jury to render a verdict in favor of the defendants. Parmelee appealed but was turned down.

More suits, and a bigger battle

Keeshin fired back against Parmelee, filing a federal lawsuit of his own on October 19, 1956. This suit claimed that Parmelee, Morris Markin, and "persons unknown" conspired to change the Chicago city ordinances, making it impossible for anyone but Parmelee to get a license for the transfer business. Keeshin sought \$5.7 million. The outcome of this lawsuit is unknown, but no mention of



The first three photos depict transfer activity at Central Station in 1955. Above: Railroad Transfer Service officials inspect a new limo that year.

Five photos, author's collection

the suit can be found in newspaper records after it was initially filed, an indication that it probably was dismissed.

The longest, and most significant, court battle surrounded the city ordinance requiring licensing of RTS's vehicles. On October 24, 1955, RTS and all 21 WPA railroads filed suit against the City of Chicago, claiming the ordinance violated the Interstate Commerce Act and thus was unconstitutional. Parmelee was later added as a defendant, at its own request. The lawsuit was dismissed by a federal judge on January 12, 1956, but the city was barred from enforcing the ordinance while the case was appealed.

On January 17, 1957, the U.S. Seventh Court of Appeals in Chicago ruled the ordinance was unconstitutional, and almost immediately the City of Chicago appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. On June 16, 1958, the high court ruled for RTS and the railroads, stating that the Chicago transfer business was part of interstate commerce and thus was not subject to local regulation.

The matter was far from over, however. In August 1959, the City of Chicago passed a new ordinance stipulating that any company wanting to operate a transfer service first had to submit a detailed application along with financial records. Only Chicago residents could be hired as drivers, and there was a \$40 annual license fee per vehicle. Unlicensed vehicles were subject to a daily fine of \$100 per vehicle. On October 31, 1963, RTS filed in federal court seeking to overthrow the ordinance. The case was dismissed (twice), appealed by Railroad Transfer

(twice), and wound up again before the U.S. Supreme Court. On March 27, 1967, the high court ruled that the new ordinance was unconstitutional.

It appears the City of Chicago scaled back its attacks on Railroad Transfer after the 1967 Supreme Court decision, judging by the lack of newspaper reporting on the issue. Of course, by then railroad passenger travel was in decline, and nowhere was that more evident than Chicago. There was little incentive for Parmelee, RTS, or any company, to wage expensive legal fights for the declining Chicago transfer trade.

Quiet endings

On June 15, 1967, Murphy Motor Freight Lines, a major Midwest trucking company, announced plans to buy Keeshin Transport System, but Railroad Transfer Service was not included. RTS suffered a serious blow when the new Penn Central canceled its contract, effective June 1, 1968. By one estimate, the New York Central and Pennsylvania together accounted for about one-fifth of the Chicago transfer business.

Railroad Transfer Service continued to soldier on until November 24, 1970, when manager Ed Bayr notified the railroads that the firm would cease operations on December 30, 1970. Rising costs and the decline in passenger traffic were cited as reasons for halting operations, but the new National Railroad Passenger Corp. was already on the horizon. The remaining RTS assets were sold to John Keeshin's youngest son, Paul, and folded into a new charter bus company called



John Keeshin, pictured at RTS startup in '55, made his mark in Chicago transportation.

Keeshin Transportation. In 1997 that company was sold to Coach USA, one of the largest charter bus firms in the U.S. John Keeshin died in 1983 at age 81.

Meanwhile, in 1969 all of Morris Markin's businesses had been merged into a new company, Checker Motors Corp. He died on July 8, 1970, and afterward Checker Motors was split apart. Continental Air Transport was sold in 1983 and was renamed Continental Airport Express, and later GO Airport Express. The company's website boldly proclaims the company was "founded in 1853 . . . by visionary Frank Parmelee." That statement seems a bit extreme, since GO Airport Express's direct corporate roots date back only to the founding of Continental Air Transport in 1945. But the statement does exemplify the bold, daring goal of Frank Parmelee — moving people and their luggage safely through the hustle and congestion of the Windy City. ■



Passengers board Phillipsburg-bound Pennsy doodlebug 4653 at Trenton November 2, 1957. Some will ride a fantrip back the next day.

Frank Tatnall

BEL-DEL doodlebug

In 1958, a triangle trip in New Jersey satisfied my long-held desire to ride an obscure PRR line

By John J. Harmon

During 1955–1959 I attended Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pa., and it didn't take me long to discover Bethlehem Union Station, situated under the Hill-to-Hill Bridge over the Lehigh River which connects South and North Bethlehem. Lehigh's campus is to the south, downtown Bethlehem to the north, and the bridge spans not only the river but went over

three railroads: Lehigh Valley and Reading on the south bank and Jersey Central on the north bank. LV and Reading utilized Union Station and crossed (and connected) beneath the street bridge.

In those late 1950s a variety of passenger trains still called at Union Station. I formed the habit of getting myself down there several days a week for the arrival of the Valley's *Maple Leaf*, due in

from New York a little before 10 p.m. bound for Buffalo and Toronto. It carried a couple of sleepers, a diner, and three or more coaches, one of them in Canadian National livery — a through car for Toronto. A Reading connection arrived from Philadelphia a few minutes earlier with a couple of through sleepers for Buffalo and Toronto. After the road power was cut off, a Valley switcher would take the through sleepers over to a holding track adjacent to the LV main line.

Occasionally, my fiancée Elaine would join me, much to the amusement of her friends, who thought this was one of the strangest dates they'd ever heard of!

Sometimes on a Saturday night, while my classmates were enjoying the ambience of fraternity parties and local bars (OK, I did some of that too), I would stay late and watch LV's *Owl* arrive, around 1 a.m., also preceded by the arrival of a Reading train with a sleeper for Buffalo.

If I stayed another hour, I would see the remnants of the old *Interstate Express*, which at one time had a through sleeper from Philadelphia to Binghamton, N.Y., via Scranton utilizing the Jer-



Six months before the author's ride on car 4666, sister 4653 performs a photo runby on the fall 1957 Phillipsburg–Trenton excursion.

Frank Tatnall

sey Central and Lackawanna. That train always had Jersey Central power all the way from Philadelphia, and by the late 1950s the consist was about 10 mail and express cars and a lone rider coach, which was required for a franchise run in the wee hours between Jim Thorpe and White Haven. Pa. Otherwise, it took no passengers.

I occasionally rode the Lehigh Valley into New York and back, but my real desire was to make a circle trip, which would involve a little train I had often observed during my high-school years in Trenton, N.J. This was a doodlebug, or motor car, which daily except Sunday ran up alongside the Delaware River from Trenton to Phillipsburg, N.J., on Pennsylvania's "Bel-Del" line. (The name comes from Belvidere, N.J., the line's terminus 64.5 miles north of Trenton and a connection with the Lehigh & Hudson River Railroad, and the Delaware River.)

I spent plenty of time perusing passenger timetables, but the life of a college student usually precluded taking a full day off to do something as frivolous as riding trains.



Making the trip

Finally in May 1958 I had a break in my final-exam schedule. With a railfan friend, we walked across the Hill-to-Hill Bridge to the Jersey Central station on the north side of the river and boarded the 9:31 a.m. train for Elizabeth, N.J. This was a three-car local that, like most CNJ hourly *New York Clockers* from Allentown, made most of the stops to Jersey City. I don't recall what type of diesel we had (an Alco RS3 or FM Train Mas-

ter, probably), but the consist was just typical CNJ commuter coaches.

The conductor was friendly, and we hung out on the rear platform for most of the 73 miles to Elizabeth. We arrived about noon and went up a level to the adjacent PRR mainline station to take a train down to Trenton. The next one was the *Nellie Bly* for Atlantic City, and I do not recall why we didn't take it. Perhaps hungry stomachs needed to be filled.

Our Pennsy train was somewhat of a



Running close to the schedule of the first train the author and his friend rode on their trip nine months later, Jersey Central Lines train 104 rolls into Elizabeth, N.J., behind FM Train Master No. 2404 on August 27, 1957.

Bob Krone



Multiple MP54 electric cars comprised the travelers' second conveyance, down the Pennsylvania main line from Elizabeth to Trenton. A similar consist, with car 677 leading, heads west on "B" track east of Linden, N.J., as train 3619 in mid-afternoon on April 10, 1964.

Clifford Redanz

surprise. We were expecting a consist of multiple-unit MP54 cars, and that's what we got, but since it was primarily a mid-afternoon newspaper run that would drop off early editions of the afternoon New York papers along the way, there were only a couple of coaches, with plenty of available seats. I believe a third M.U. car, of combine or full baggage configuration, carried the papers.

At Trenton we again had plenty of time, as our target, the Bel-Del doodlebug north to Phillipsburg, wasn't scheduled to depart until 5:15 p.m. We were down on the platform early, and there found not one but two doodlebugs parked on Track 4, headed "wrong direction," i.e., toward New York, on the track normally used by westbound expresses.

The first one, which had a caboose ("cabin car" to the Pennsy) coupled to the rear, was headed for Red Bank via Monmouth Junction and Manasquan. I was told the caboose was required to activate the signals on the main line the 15.7 miles up to Monmouth Junction. I always had wanted to ride that train, too,

but it was discontinued before I could do it, and as a result, I still have a big gap on my New Jersey “mileage map.”

Our train, No. 2372, had no such appendage, since it would almost immediately veer off the main to the north to join the Bel-Del Division. I had no camera, but I think our car was No. 4666, today stored at Ringoes, N.J., on the Black River & Western Railroad, which operates a former PRR branch that joined the Bel-Del north of Lambertville. (One other PRR doodlebug, No. 4622, exists, in operating condition on the Wilmington & Western tourist line in Delaware.)

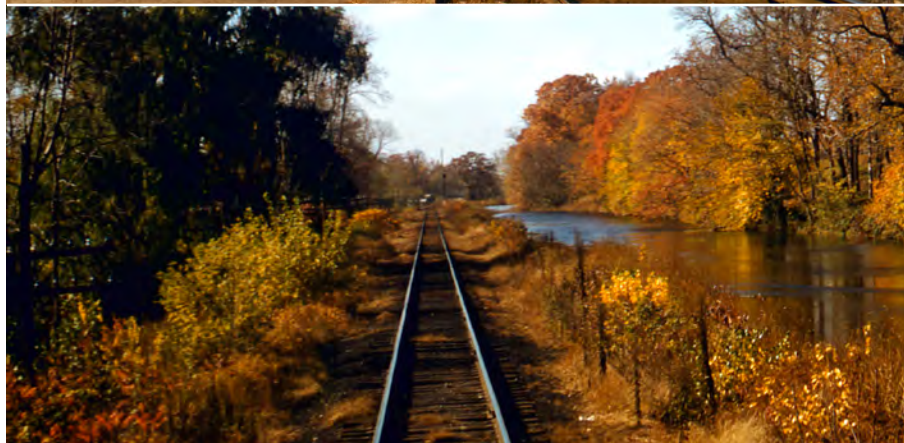
The engine compartment up front took up about a quarter of our car. Behind that was a small baggage compartment, followed by perhaps 40 seats.

Leaving Trenton we had about 30 passengers, and quickly picked up a couple more at the Warren Street crossing, which was closer to the downtown area than PRR’s main Clinton Street station. This little train served as a commuter run as far as Lambertville, with another intermediate stop at Washington Crossing. (The counterpart train southbound arrived in Trenton a little after 7:30 a.m.)

Views were spectacular once we got close to Washington Crossing, as we hugged the Delaware River all the way to Phillipsburg, 50.5 miles from Trenton. After Lambertville, we were among only about 10 passengers, if that. The crew was friendly, and we stood on the rear platform enjoying the views on the warm spring evening. (Today all but the first few Bel-Del miles south of Phillipsburg is gone, torn up in 1978. The remnant hosts Black River & Western’s Belvidere & Delaware River freight short line and Susquehanna’s Delaware Steam Train Ride, with a Chinese-built 2-8-2.)

Our speed seemed quite high for a lightly traveled branch line, but 40 mph was the norm once we cleared Trenton. (Years later, loaded Penn Central coal trains were common here, headed for Martins Creek power plant, north of Phillipsburg, a line still used by NS.)

We arrived at Phillipsburg on time about 7 p.m. and hot-footed it across the Delaware River on the street bridge to Easton, Pa., where we had a date with Lehigh Valley’s *John Wilkes* at 7:19. (Our backup plan was to take a bus the 12 miles back to Bethlehem.) The *Wilkes*, a short train with an Alco PA up front, got us back to Bethlehem Union Station close to 7:35 p.m., and we made the 10-minute walk up the hill to our dorm to do more studying for final exams. 📖



For much of their ride, the author and his friend stood in the rear vestibule, enjoying views like this of the D&R canal (above) and river. Most of the passengers unloaded at Lambertville (top), the busiest station and today a restaurant; both photos are from the November 3, 1957, fantrip.

Two photos, Frank Tatnall



Lehigh Valley’s *John Wilkes* was the riders’ conveyance for the short hop home from Phillipsburg to Bethlehem in the evening to conclude their trip. This is the *Wilkes* eastbound in the morning, as train 28, on November 11, 1960, at Flemington Junction, N.J., behind PA 603.

Greg Steinbrenner

ONE MAN'S

MINN



The railroad scene in the Twin Cities of a half century ago was radically different from that even 10 years later. In 1961, 10 Class 1 carriers, plus a few local switching lines, still served Minneapolis. Chicago & North Western had acquired the Minneapolis & St. Louis in November 1960, and in July '68, C&NW would also absorb the Chicago Great Western. Less than two years after that, the area's biggest change came in March 1970 as Burlington Northern was created after years of trying by its "Hill Lines" components. Gone were three of the biggest Twin Cities roads: Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.

BN brought significant change to "the Cities" in terms of consolidating routes, facilities, and locomotive fleets. The need for carrier-to-carrier interchange moves dropped substantially, and many of the yards and connecting tracks that hosted these

exchanges disappeared. Where multiple, parallel routes existed, the less favorable ones were downgraded or removed.

Of course, passenger train-offs also mounted in this decade. M&STL's last passenger trains ran in 1960, and three years later C&NW became the first road to exit the hot Twin Cities-Chicago market when it discontinued the 400, leaving the competition to CB&Q and Milwaukee Road. The Twin Cities were served by 64 passenger trains in 1961, but by 1969 the number was little more than half that. By Amtrak's May 1971 start-up, only BN and Milwaukee still had varnish to the Cities, and Amtrak's initial offering was just the *Empire Builder*.

A local man named Stan Baker was on hand with his camera to document the way things had been immediately after the early-'60s mergers. Stan kept a low profile among area rail photographers, being better known for his books on memorabilia,

EAPOLIS

Stan Baker paid attention to Twin Cities railroads in the 1960s

By Otto P. Dobnick and Art Peterson • Photos by Stan Baker



The Collectors Book of Railroadiana and the subsequent *Railroad Collectibles: An Illustrated Guide*.

Stan did take time, though, to photograph daily railroad operations, especially in Minneapolis. He favored views of trains in the context of their surroundings, as opposed to “roster shots” of equipment. Further, he shot not only the streamliners, but also local transfer runs and switch jobs, the day-to-day workhorses that many rail photographers overlooked.

From what has survived from Stan’s collection of color slides, it appears he took few photos after 1970. A World War II veteran and a widower, Stan died at age 92 in June 2010. The 10 accompanying photos are among those that have been listed by a sales agent on eBay and acquired and researched by the co-authors. They show us the colorful variety of everyday 1960s railroading typical of many major U.S. terminal districts.

MORNING ARRIVAL

In June 1963, the eastbound *North Coast Limited* was due into the GN station in Minneapolis at 6:10 a.m. NP’s flagship, traversing an S-curve over West Broadway, displays its Raymond Loewy-designed color scheme as it approaches NP’s 14th Avenue North interlocking tower. Allotted just 5 minutes’ dwell time in Minneapolis, train 26 was given 35 minutes at St. Paul Union Depot, likely needing it all to change engines from NP F units to Burlington E units and to drop the Seattle–St. Paul dome sleeper and some coaches before heading for Chicago. Today, all spurs but one here are gone and much of the area is redeveloped, but the foundry still stands, with the firm name faded but intact.



A TIME OF CONTRASTS

Stan's vantage point for three shots of Alco RS1s from the M&StL fleet is the 1st Street North bridge at the west end of GN's Minneapolis depot, out of view to the right. Trains from seven roads made this a favorite spot for Stan and others. Above: On this July 1961 day, Stan caught a C&NW transfer in the charge of unre-painted RS1 203 curving out of the depot area to head west on the GN, bound for the former M&StL Cedar Lake yard as a C&NW freight curves north into C&NW's former Omaha Road West Minneapolis Yard. This was a time of great contrasts — old Canadian Pacific single-sheath, outside-brace boxcars in the foreground with a C&NW-branded TOFC trailer in the freight. M&StL dieselized during 1938–50, largely with 35 Alco RS1s built 1944–51. This largest U.S. RS1 fleet was delivered in nine different paint schemes, each unit numbered for the month and year built. Originally numbered 1044 and painted in a unique green, yellow, and gray livery, this RS1 became 203 in M&StL's 1956 system renumbering, and would be one of six to wear the road's last colors of red and white, a livery which itself had three variations in detail.



CABOOSE HOP AND A STAR

By April 1963, C&NW had repainted much of the M&StL equipment it would keep. "Louie" alums RS1 211 and caboose 1122 are in full C&NW paint, with "M&StL Divn" sublettering on the 1122, which was built in 1942 and would be retired in 1967. The 211, which kept its steam-engine bell on the long (front) hood, outlasted the caboose by two years, being traded in to EMD in 1969. Adding color is a long Great Northern *Western Star*, train 27, pacing the cab-hop as it pulls out of the station for points west. GN was the Twin Cities' dominant passenger-train operator, with 14 trains a day, about one-quarter of the total. Even in its last pre-BN timetable, GN still ran 12 trains into or out of Minneapolis a day.



JENNIES' SURPRISE APPEARANCE

In this July 1967 view east from the 1st Street North overpass, C&NW's former M&StL 229 struggles with a long cut of ore cars, or "jennies." The train has just emerged from the GN depot area on Railway Transfer trackage. Officially the Railway Transfer Co. of the City of Minneapolis, this "paper railroad" was an M&StL subsidiary that provided access to the lucrative West Bank Milling District, and was part of the Louie's joint trackage with NP in Minneapolis. The Alco was delivered as M&StL 1050 and survived until trade-in to EMD on an SD45 order in 1969. By the time of this photo, yard-to-yard moves among C&NW's properties had been rationalized, so a solid cut of ore cars here was uncommon, and the details are not known. It's possible this train originated at Minnesota Transfer's Midway yards or the City of Minneapolis' Municipal Barge Terminal east of Railway Transfer's yard.



TRANSITION ON THE TRANSFER

The time is April 1963, but RS1 212 remains in full M&StL dress as it nears 1st Street South and 4th Avenue South on the Railway Transfer with a caboose hop, towing caboose 1201, also former Louie. The Alco, built in April 1946 as, yes, M&StL 446, will serve until trade-in on a GE U30C in 1968. This spot is southeast of the GN station, on an S-curve just east of the Milwaukee Road depot and west of the tracks exiting GN's Stone Arch Bridge over the Mississippi River. The buildings in the distance are in downtown Minneapolis, although the landmark Foshay Tower is obscured by the Acme Cartage truck terminal in the former warehouse beyond the caboose. Today a parking lot is on that site.



M&StL MEET

Although undated, this slide is believed to be from spring 1960, when Minneapolis & St. Louis's passenger service — and the road itself — were in twilight. Motor GE-27, a November 1930 gas-electric from St. Louis Car and Electro-Motive Corp., probably has just arrived from its overnight run from Watertown, S.Dak., and is backing out of the GN depot to M&StL's Cedar Lake yard. In the background looks to be a GN freight on the Minneapolis–Willmar route. This motor would end this, M&StL's last passenger runs, on July 21, 1960. The road modified GE-27 over the years. It tested a Cummins diesel before getting a 12-cylinder Caterpillar in August '51. Built to haul passenger cars but without a seating compartment, it and other M&StL motors had 12 passenger seats and air conditioning installed in 1957. GE-27 was retired on Halloween 1960, the day before C&NW got M&StL. Caboose 1304, on a transfer to Cedar Lake, was built as M&StL 1238 in 1949.





JUST IN FROM CANADA

Soo Line train 10, the *Winnipeg*, has arrived and backed into Milwaukee Road's Minneapolis depot on a July 1966 morning. The train was scheduled to arrive at 6:30 and leave for St. Paul at 6:45. Soo's last intercity train, the *Winnipeg* left its namesake Manitoba capital at 6:45 p.m. on Soo parent Canadian Pacific and made its first stop on the Soo at Noyes, N.Dak., at 8:55 p.m. Its Twin Cities routing into the Milwaukee's depot included running over tracks of NP, C&NW's Railway Transfer, and MILW. GP9 2552 was from an order for 34, 15 of which were equipped for passenger work, and whose delivery, with others, shut down the last Soo steam by the end of January 1955. The MILW depot, whose clock tower is partially visible, was also used by the Rock Island. The building survives as part of a complex of hotels and restaurants, with an enclosed ice rink in the trainshed.



BUSY TIMES IN NP'S LOWER YARD

This March 1963 view conveys much of the feel of '60s Twin Cities railroading, when there were many daily transfer moves between carriers and some roads chose different colors for switchers, road freight diesels, and passenger power. NP 102, built in February 1940, the first year of NW2 production, is coupled to two cabooses and some cars in NP's Lower Yard as Soo Line AS16 380 passes with a transfer. Soo had just two AS16s of the 127 built, and they wore "switcher black," not the maroon and gold of road units; this Baldwin lasted until 1967 when it went in on Soo's lone GE order, for U30Cs. No. 380, likely going from Railway Transfer Yard to Soo's Shoreham Yard, is on the NP downtown passenger main, called the "A Line." In back of the photographer are Soo's freight station and team tracks, while NP's freight house is the black-roofed structure to the left of 102. Today this area is all redeveloped with condos, bars, restaurants, and only the lightest of industry.



CRUISING BY KOPPERS

In the only one of our 10 photos not in Minneapolis, C&NW's *Twin Cities 400*, behind two E7s, races past the Koppers Coke plant, a well-remembered landmark in the Midway District of the Twin Cities but inside St. Paul. The time is March 1963, a few months before train 400's discontinuance. In the consist are coaches, a tap lounge, a diner, and on the rear, a parlor-lounge-observation car. The train is on GN's passenger main, the two northerly tracks of the road's four-track line here. CB&Q, NP, and CGW passenger trains also used this route between Minneapolis and St. Paul. Not only does the 400 not have long to live, the same is true for two ex-Soo 0-6-0s that worked at Koppers, the last active non-museum steam engines in the Twin Cities. The plant lasted into the 1970s and was razed in '79; today the site hosts light industry and offices as part of the Energy Park complex.





NOT FAR FROM DOWNTOWN

In Minneapolis, Stan Baker photographed in places other than downtown. On this May 1965 morning (left), he was not quite a mile northeast, at the southeast corner of Minneapolis Junction, a.k.a. GN's "East Wye," as a GN freight off the main from Willmar, Minn., crosses the NP industry track off that road's "B Line" en route to GN's Union Yard to the east. Just visible at far right are the switchtender's shed and the smashboard signal for the diamonds. There were few passenger moves at this point of the wye, so it was a less-photographed corner of the complex. The lead unit, GP20 2018, is less than five years old and wears GN's older, more ornate color scheme. The U25B in the middle is barely a month old, and the trailing GP35 has been in service about a year; both wear GN's simplified 1960s livery. GN had a roundhouse, then a diesel shop, inside the wye; later this was C&NW property and today is home to restored Milwaukee Road 4-8-4 261 and its passenger-car fleet. 📷

Seattle's King Street and Union stations

This June 1948 view was made from Smith Tower, a white skyscraper then as emblematic of Seattle as the Space Needle is now. The bell tower on King Street Station (opened 1906, owned by Northern Pacific and Great Northern) copied that of St. Mark's cathedral in Venice. Its clock reads 4:20 p.m. Pacific Standard Time (railroads in 1948 did not observe Daylight time). The tracks in Union Pacific's



N

Union Station

Fourth Ave.

Jackson St.

GN/NP to Interbay via tunnel

King St. Station

NP 0-6-0

Yard office

NP V01000

UP/MILW to Black River

Coach yard

Empire Builder consist

GN/NP to Black River

GN 0-6-0

GN freight house

Railway Express bldg.

GN team track driveway

King St. Station

NP 0-6-0

Yard office

NP V01000

UP/MILW to Black River

Coach yard

Empire Builder consist

GN/NP to Black River

GN 0-6-0

GN freight house

Railway Express bldg.

GN team track driveway

King St. Station

NP 0-6-0

Yard office

NP V01000

UP/MILW to Black River

Coach yard

Empire Builder consist

GN/NP to Black River

GN 0-6-0

GN freight house

GN team track driveway

Railway Express bldg.

This aerial photograph shows the Union Station area in Denver, Colorado, with various rail yard buildings and tracks labeled. The labels include:

- King St. Station
- NP 0-6-0
- Yard office
- NP V01000
- UP/MILW to Black River
- Coach yard
- Empire Builder consist
- GN/NP to Black River
- GN 0-6-0
- GN freight house
- Railway Express bldg.
- GN team track driveway



Changing times: At Limesdale, during author Stewart's trip south on No. 5, his train met F3s charging north with a coal extra, the kind of traffic the Monon saw as its future.



BREAKING AWAY

in the Monon manner

How the Hoosier Line helped a 16-year-old begin the journey
from adolescence to adulthood

By William Benning Stewart • Photos by the author

Did you see the movie *Breaking Away*? After a slow start at the box office, it quickly gained momentum, became a hit, and captured the 1980 Academy Award for best screenplay. The film has since been honored many times for its success in depicting the vulnerability of young lives, particularly through its poignant interpretation of the uncertainty we all feel as we stand at the threshold of adulthood. *Breaking Away* was set in Bloomington, Ind., home of Indiana University and the setting for countless other coming-of-age stories — including this one.

My paralleling, personal screenplay enjoyed its own reprise recently when I began looking through some long-ignored belongings. Near the bottom of a drawer rested a sturdy, black plastic college term-paper notebook from the Indiana University bookstore, the kind with a two-clasp metal spine inside. On the cover, acting as a label, was the wheel-on-rail corporate emblem of the celebrated Monon Railroad, one of IU's best-known Bloomington neighbors. Inside, the two clasps held nine double-sided plastic page protectors preserving the photos you see here and the captions I had written to accompany them. When I opened the cover of that notebook and looked down at the first photograph, I was suddenly 16 years old again and 60 miles from home, aiming a camera at a familiar subject but looking at life through a new lens.

In spring 1964 I had been nominated by my journalism teacher to attend that summer's High School Journalism Institute, a comprehensive program held annually on IU's Bloomington campus to further develop the skills of incoming seniors who had demonstrated journalistic talent. In the manner of most about-to-be-17-year-olds, I casually accepted the appointment as simply another part of my ongoing education. But



While waiting for No. 6 at Bloomington, a senior train vendor (a.k.a. "news butcher") traded stories with a junior passenger.



Monon F3 No. 210 swept into Bloomington with train 6 at 12:18 p.m., right on time. By 1964, the *Thoroughbred* had been reduced to the essentials: one locomotive, one baggage car, one Railway Post Office-storage mail car, and one coach.

that week in Bloomington would prove to be a life-shaping event, an intense introduction to college life, to increasingly important challenges and responsibilities, and, in many ways, to the realities of adulthood.

I was to be part of a photojournalism sequence conducted by IU journalism professor Will Counts, a former Arkansas newspaper photographer. Counts was already well known for his photographs of the integration of Little Rock's Central High School in 1957; his dramatic, storytelling images had been nominated for a Pulitzer Prize and would later be memorialized in an IU Press book titled *A Life Is More Than a Moment*.

When Counts detailed his expectations of each of us in completing the major class project — a magazine-style photo story, with captions, that we would individually plan, photograph, write, and produce (and for which we would process our own film and prints in the darkroom of IU's journalism nerve center, Ernie Pyle Hall) — I immediately thought of the compelling David P. Morgan/Philip R. Hastings railroad photo stories I had absorbed in the pages of *TRAINS* magazine throughout my young life. I also remembered the endur-

ing guidance of a favorite teacher: "Write about what you know." Instantly I knew that the topic of my photo story — only 4 feet 8½ inches wide but 541 miles long — was waiting for me just 10 city blocks away.

My thesis was straightforward: the Monon, Indiana's second railroad, had been an integral part of the state's economic and social development for more than a century. Hoosiers of six generations knew the Monon and how to properly pronounce its name (MO-nahn). They rode its passenger trains, waved at its freights, knew where its trains went, and understood that the Monon was as much a part of the Indiana experience as auto racing, basketball, and Sunday chicken dinners. Like its native state, the Monon differed markedly from its peers; it had an engaging, distinct appeal. Executing a Morgan/Hastings-style photo story aboard its daily passenger train through deepest Indiana might, I thought, help interpret what so endeared the Monon to the territory it served.

The Monon I was about to document had a colorful but often cash-deficient history. Immediately after World War II,



renowned railroad executive John W. Barriger embarked upon a major rejuvenation of the beloved but bankrupt carrier. During his presidency, the Monon became one of the first Class 1 railroads to boast complete dieselization. New passenger trains — the *Thoroughbred* for the Louisville–Chicago run and the *Hoosier* and *Tippecanoe* for Indianapolis–Chicago service — were crafted from three-year-old, scarcely used Army hospital cars, all cast in a striking new red-and-gray paint scheme inspired by Indiana University's cream-and-crimson colors and created by the office of noted New York industrial designer Raymond Loewy [see page 47]. Indians — including my parents, who were regular patrons of the Indianapolis–Chicago trains — admired the makeover and nodded in approval at the scripted moniker on locomotive flanks that officially identified the Monon as "The Hoosier Line."

But Barriger, having achieved what he could with scarce resources, departed at the close of 1952. The eye-catching *Hoosier* and *Tippecanoe* trains I had often ridden in earlier boyhood, equipped with dining and parlor-car service and rear-facing observation-car seats until 1957, succumbed to insufficient revenues in 1959. Still, in 1964 the *Thoroughbred*, one each direction, continued to make its way to and from Chicago and Louis-



The train-boarding scene at Bloomington was universal, but black-and-gold paint certified this as a latter-day Monon moment.

ville each day, maintaining a semblance of the Monon passenger-service legacy. For me that was reason enough to climb aboard, camera in hand.

The day after I submitted my photo story proposal, I arrived at the Monon's 1911 depot in downtown Bloomington shortly before noon, carrying a Rolleiflex twin-lens reflex and a camera bag stuffed with Kodak Tri-X film. I studied the timetable to see how far I could go on No. 6, the northbound *Thoroughbred*, before having to detrain to return on southbound No. 5. My goal was to reach the junction town of Linden, the regular meeting point for Nos. 5 and 6, but the agent told me the southbound train didn't stop there. I took him at his word and purchased a round-trip ticket to Crawfordsville, 10 miles south of Linden and a positive stop for both trains.

The setting was quintessentially Monon. The attractive depot had been constructed with Indiana limestone quarried only a few miles away; the platform was built of heavy paving bricks



Rustling newspapers, barely audible conversations, and the muted sound of six-wheel trucks traversing jointed rails blended to produce the northbound *Thoroughbred*'s sublime soundtrack, highlighted occasionally by horn choruses from the F3 ahead.

formed and baked in the Indiana clay fields. Gentlemen sporting neckties and hats and ladies in dresses and skirts chatted on the platform, the newest cast to play the long-standing roles of Monon passengers eagerly awaiting a new adventure. Ready to join them was a contemporary "news butcher," a vendor who would keep his flock fed and refreshed with sandwiches, soft drinks, and coffee as far as Crawfordsville before returning to Bloomington on No. 5.

At 12:18 p.m., No. 6, on time, swept in. I was startled to see that its locomotive, F3 No. 210, was clad in Purdue University's gold and black, Monon's freight-engine colors, not the IU-based, red-and-gray passenger scheme, and so was the rest of the train. What had happened to the cheerful, crimson-colored Monon passenger trains my parents and I had regularly enjoyed?

The trap of the rear vestibule snapped against its latch and a serge-suited figure descended the steps. "Hello, folks! Step up, please." Immediately the conductor was welcoming his new passengers and gently urging us aboard, his hand passing beneath our elbows. Monon passenger service, I was relieved to see, was still friendly, regardless of the colors of the equipment — and still efficient. No time to dawdle. The

big door on the mail car ahead rolled shut, engine 210's bell began clanging, and we were off.

By the time the conductor lifted my ticket, No. 6 had churned up the steep, twisting grade out of Bloomington and achieved track speed. I left the air-conditioned quiet of the coach and experienced, for the first time in my life, the pleasures of the rear platform, a symphony of railroading at speed: the steady chant of the locomotive ahead; the rhythmic, staccato cadence of six-wheel trucks tap-dancing over rail joints; the satisfying slap of steel wheels threading

switch points; the deep, hollow rumble when the train briefly hammered steel bridge girders; the occasional trombone-like call of the F3's horn to the front; the dizzying, spiraling sounds of grade-crossing bells rushing by and falling away to the rear. Was

this what adults meant

when they used the expression "Heaven on Earth?" I thought so that day and still do now.

From my rear-platform observation post, the view from No. 6 was a constant blur of tree-covered hills and sporadic rock outcroppings, punctuated occasionally by glimpses of rolling uplands and crossroads communities, highlighted each mile or so by the passage of a pair

THE MONON WAS AS MUCH A PART OF INDIANA LIFE AS AUTO RACING, BASKETBALL, AND SUNDAY CHICKEN DINNERS.



Of this view from the rear platform of the northbound *Thoroughbred* in quiet Cloverdale, author Stewart in his 1964 photo story caption wrote that “the little village seemed unaware of the world around it on such a peaceful summer afternoon.”

of the Monon’s elegant upper-quadrant semaphores. At the village of Cloverdale we swung through town on a curve, horn blaring for several street crossings, but not a soul was to be seen; the view from the back platform suggested a vintage watercolor of tranquil Indiana landscape. Our brief look at Greencastle, 2 miles north of Limesdale, focused on a northbound local’s Alco RS2 resting on the siding while its crew consumed that day’s blue-plate special at the Monon Grill, a fabled eatery adjoining the depot.

Eight miles beyond Greencastle we were crossing Big Walnut Creek and climbing steadily to the village of Bainbridge, demarcation point between the mountainous half of the Monon to the south and the prairie railroad to the north. And just past that town’s handsome brick depot, occupying the main line as No. 6 eased into a siding, was one of the most remarkable sights I had encountered in my short time on Earth.

Earlier, my father had suggested I take some reading material along for my week-long assignment at IU. Naturally I had chosen to pack the latest issue of *TRAINS* and began reading a feature titled, “Are Four Traction Motors Enough in 1964?” The article addressed

an emerging trend toward six-motor diesels, exemplified by the huge new Alco C628s recently delivered to the Atlantic Coast Line for fast freight service — a wise choice, I gathered, for that major southeastern railroad’s double-tracked, heavy-duty main line.

But now, only two days later, in west-central Indiana on a medium-density, single-track railroad, I was staring in disbelief at a trio of identical locomotives — three big, burly, and almost new C628s, painted and lettered in the Purdue colors of black and gold, leading Monon time freight No. 73 south on a warm August afternoon.

When a trainman appeared on the platform to acknowledge the head-end crew of No. 73, I could only blurt out, “Haven’t seen those big engines before.”

“Yeah, they’re big, all right,” he replied. “They [I was to learn that management types were always referred to as “they”] want to start hauling a lot more coal. That’s why they bought ‘em.” The coach door slammed shut and he was



Alco RS2 24 was coughing its characteristic, idling resonance (described by one railroader as *bucket-of-bolts, bucket-of-bolts, bucket-of-bolts*) as No. 6 accelerated away from the station stop at Greencastle.

gone, leaving me to ponder what sort of sea change had occurred in Monon management.

We skipped up the siding past the 100-plus cars in No. 73’s consist, more, it occurred to me, than a trio of the traditional F3s would probably be able to muscle up and down the Monon’s hill-and-dale Louisville main line. At the end of the train came another remarkable sight: as one crewman tossed the obligatory “All black” signal from the cupola of the caboose, another waved from the rear platform — and so did a boy half my age, perhaps a son, grandson, or nephew of one of the trainmen, secreted aboard for a covert caboose ride. Was he as astonished by the size and bearing of the goliath C628s as I, or did he find the

passage of the short, suddenly old-school No. 6 more fascinating?

Moments later, the brakeshoes again grabbed at the spinning wheels of our train. During a brief station stop at Roachdale, two boys divided their time between inspecting No. 6 and tossing a ball back and forth in a onetime depot

lawn filled with blooming Queen Anne’s lace. Like the train’s passengers and crew, they were only part of the latest troupe of actors to perform in the Monon’s daily statewide drama. But could they know they would be among the last?

At the north end of the platform, 210’s single-note horn *bamped* twice and

**ON THE REAR
PLATFORM I
WONDERED, IS THIS
WHAT ADULTS
MEANT WHEN THEY
USED THE EXPRES-
SION “HEAVEN ON
EARTH?”**

the *Thoroughbred* resumed its lively trot.

Still dazed by my encounter with the new giant Alcos, I barely acknowledged the wave from the interlocking operator at Ames, site of the Monon's crossings of New York Central's Peoria & Eastern subsidiary and a meandering branch of the Pennsylvania. I didn't take his picture, either. But I did compose myself enough to photograph some smoke-smudged steel bridges — symbols of a city evolving around a railroad, the economic engines of each supporting the growth of the other — as No. 6 slowed for my destination.

During the 30-minute intermission between trains at Crawfordsville, I explored the sturdy depot, large even for a county-seat station, and its adjoining freight house. The day was growing increasingly cloudy and muggy; the rails of the main line clicked in the heat as the pungent aroma of hot creosote wafted up from the ties. My journey was half complete. How could the second segment surpass the experiences of the first?

Suddenly, F3 No. 207 snapped my reverie, heeling to the curve beside the platform and squealing to a halt with train 5, the southbound *Thoroughbred*. Once again a Monon trainman was placing a stepbox before me and welcoming me aboard his train. He proved more loquacious than his peers on No. 6, and before long I felt sufficiently at ease to describe my mission and to ask some nagging questions, such as the fate of the red-and-gray passenger paint scheme. "You haven't ridden with us for a while, have you?" His tone became more solemn. "They [there was that word again] changed it a couple of years ago." One paint scheme, he explained, was less expensive to apply and maintain than two. "It's all about money, ya know."

As the train picked up speed, we continued our conversation on the rear platform. When I admired the fresh sheen of silver paint on perhaps a dozen of the 1913-vintage semaphores in succession, the trainman acknowledged the work as noteworthy: "Oh, yes," he said. "That's been one of their big drives."

Soon he was telling me that the Monon was on its third administration since John Barriger's departure a dozen years earlier. Things were changing. There weren't as many trackside industries as before, and not as much interchange from connecting railroads. Some newer traffic sources appeared promis-



From the front of massive new Alco C628 403, train 73's fireman watched as No. 6 eased past in the Bainbridge siding. No. 73's rear-end crew had three members that day: a man in the cupola, another on the caboose platform, and a young boy, probably a crewman's relative.

ing, including automobiles, auto parts, and piggyback, but management wanted to haul more coal, a less-cyclical source of revenue. Plans for doing so included the construction of a massive new dock on the Ohio River at the southern end of the railroad, where barges would deposit West Virginia coal for transfer to unit trains to be hauled north on the main line by the colossal C628s. Those trains would continue north on the Michigan City branch, dump their loads at a new dock for lake freighters, or interchange them for delivery to industrial areas along Lake Michigan and Chicago-area power plants. If all went according to

plan, soon there might be as many coal trains on the railroad each day as the traditional 70-series manifest freights.

Suddenly I understood that the Monon was evolving into something quite unlike the railroad I had admired throughout my boyhood. In college parlance, the Monon was "changing majors." It no longer chose to maintain its traditional field of study, seeking instead something more challenging and ultimately, it hoped, more profitable. Now I realized that management, whoever "they" were, had apportioned limited resources to repaint half-century-old semaphores not to maintain the spit-



In a Norman Rockwell scene, several generations of Monon-watchers inspected No. 6 during its brief stop at Roachdale. The agent's Dodge sedan, casually parked by the weathered depot, was the perfect accessory for this traditional small-town tableau.



A railroad-style pony truss bridge once carried street vehicles, including Terre Haute, Indianapolis & Eastern interurban cars, over the Monon main line at Crawfordsville.

and-polish pride of the Barriger era, but only to protect a capital investment essential to safe, punctual operations. The art of the old Monon was being succeeded by the science of the new.

"I don't know what's going to happen," the trainman confided to his new, 16-year-old friend. "We used to have what you might call a family railroad here, but a few years ago it all started to change. I don't see it going back to the way it was."

And what better symbol of "the way it was" than our 75-mph time machine of the moment, the three-car remnant of the *Thoroughbred*? At the time of its

postwar debut, Barriger had shown considerable confidence in the train, equipping it with a diner-parlor-observation and reducing the Chicago-Louisville schedule time by more than an hour. But by 1964, when compared to other, still-genteel passenger trains of my familiarity like the New York Central's *James Whitcomb Riley* and B&O's *National Limited*, the *Thoroughbred* had become a moving contradiction. Its name honored the culture of its southern terminus, but the south end of its route had proved to be the weakest passenger-traffic generator on the Monon. The first-class diner-parlor-observation, fresh and inviting in

1947, had been replaced by a grill-coach as early as 1951, but still not enough passengers wanted to dine aboard Nos. 5 and 6. After 1956 only a news butcher offered sustenance aboard the trains.

Now, the trainman told me, one coach was usually enough to handle the weekday passenger load, two on the weekends, perhaps one more when students from the Monon's numerous on-line colleges and universities (among them Indiana, Purdue, DePauw, Wabash, and St. Joseph's) headed home on holidays. There was still mail and express business, but not enough to cover the train's deficits. The *Thoroughbred*, only briefly a contender in the first-class passenger train derby, had long since assumed the role of an aging draft horse.

Just beyond the double-track crossing of the Pennsylvania's St. Louis main line at Limesdale, another fascinating scene suddenly appeared in the Rollei's viewfinder: F3 No. 104 was storming toward us with a northbound coal extra, white flags whipping in the breeze. Here, in another contradictory scene, was what Monon management wanted, heavy coal traffic — but it was the wrong type of coal, mined along the carrier's feast-or-famine Midland Branch, a line whose fortunes rose and fell with those of the regional strip-mining industry. And even though the 104 and a sister unit

were dramatically generating gross ton-miles, they were now, in management's eyes, the wrong type of locomotive — four-axle, four-motor cab units rapidly nearing the end of their service life.

After Wallace Junction, where the Midland Branch wandered off to the southwest, the main line began a descent toward the White River and the storied village of Gosport. That riverbank town had once been an important water-to-rail transfer point, so much so that in 1854 the Monon's first predecessor company, the New Albany & Salem, had constructed a huge, barn-like brick depot with run-through trackage to accommodate the early flatboat-to-train agricultural traffic. One mile to the north of Gosport station, at the crossing of the Pennsy's Indianapolis & Vincennes branch, New York–French Lick Springs Pullman cars had been interchanged during the 1920s after the carriers discovered a remarkable number of through passengers intent on taking the therapeutic waters at the Monon's on-line southern Indiana resort.

Passenger service on the I&V had long since disappeared, but a PRR train of almost equally exotic character awaited the passage of the *Thoroughbred* — a coal train curiously headed by two Pennsy Alco road-switchers and a forward-facing F7. Crews of the two trains exchanged waves as we clattered over the PRR diamond. Moments later, on a paralleling, riverfront siding, we encountered still another symbol of traditional railroading, another Monon local freight, waiting out the meet with No. 5 behind Alco RS2 No. 26.

And then our train, also switched to a secondary track, sighed to a stop.

On that sticky August afternoon, all was still at Gosport save for the sound of cicadas chattering in the trees lining the river. One of our trainmen disembarked and walked aimlessly around the rear of No. 5's coach. Five minutes passed, then 10. Time hovered tensely over the Hoosier hills as the handful of souls aboard the *Thoroughbred* waited for something to happen.

Then came a sound unlike any other: the impatient, insistent, clattering roar of three new Alco 251C-series diesel engines in full voice. Through the viewfinder of the Rollei I saw the nose of

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MY YOUTH.**



As No. 6 pulled out of Crawfordsville, a trainman watched for colleagues from the rear Dutch door. Stewart had about 30 minutes here before returning to Bloomington on No. 5.



From his Dutch-door vantage point, No. 5's conductor studied a PRR freight, powered by two RS3s and an F7, waiting for the Monon train to clear the Gosport diamond.

the Monon's first C628, No. 400, explode through the afternoon haze. I pushed the shutter button, and the Alco rushed past with train 72 in tow, the thunderous sounds of new, fast-moving auto-racks, hi-cube auto parts cars, and covered hoppers reverberating off the walls of the antediluvian Gosport depot.

Could there have been a more striking contrast between the Monon I had known and the early indicators of the revised railroad that management in Chicago wanted to create?

As the *Thoroughbred* resumed its

journey, I stood alone on the back platform, absorbing the deep echoes of machinery old and new in motion, generating a cloud of new memories while rolling through the dense summer haze and heat. Twenty minutes later I was bouncing off the stepbox and back onto the Bloomington platform, the lessons of a memorable day forever impressed upon me.

The next morning I was on duty in the darkroom at Ernie Pyle Hall, processing my rolls of Tri-X and hanging the negatives to dry. After lunch I joined my classmates for an afternoon of printing. Competing fragrances — the girls' perfume and Dektol developer — intermingled as our group watched the



Patiently awaiting its turn on the main line, RS2 26 idled in the hole at Gosport with an eight-car local bound for McDoel Yard in Bloomington.



With the verve of a Saturn rocket at liftoff, almost-new C628 400 created its own contemporary transportation spectacle as it blasted past No. 5 and the venerable depot at Gosport.

images we had created magically appear in the photo trays. Later, as our prints dropped into a basket from the conveyor of a dryer, we studied each other's work, learned from it, and applauded the broad spectrum of photo stories we were witnessing under construction.

In my dorm room that evening, I huddled over a then-high-tech portable electric typewriter, composing my captions, cutting them out of typing paper with scissors and gently arranging and rubber-cementing them with the matching 5x7 prints in plastic page protectors. As a finishing touch I cut the red-on-white, Loewy-designed Monon logo from the front of an extra timetable I'd picked up at the Bloomington depot and glued it to the cover of the black folder. Above it, in blue ink, I carefully lettered the title of my photo story: "A Day on the Monon." I was ready.

As the week progressed, our group had become a social unit, boys and girls walking together across the IU campus, admiring the architecture and learning about local landmarks like The Gables, where Hoagy Carmichael had composed "Stardust" in 1927. A few blocks away, a song more likely to be flowing into the street from the current coffee houses and pizza joints was Bob Dylan's "The Times They Are a-Changin'." So, too, were we. In our new if temporary college environment we had found more opportunities



Monon country: North of Bainbridge, No. 6 raced across the prairie, as shown here at the Whitesville siding just south of Crawfordsville.

to learn and create, but also more work, framed by higher expectations. We were enjoying greater freedom, but discovered that it came with greater responsibility. Overall, we found some of the changes intimidating but all of them intriguing. One evening, following campus tradition, the boys were called upon to serenade the girls, perched in their dorm windows, by singing Henry Mancini's hit song, "Moon River" — something else I couldn't have imagined myself doing only a few days earlier.

When judgment time finally arrived for my Monon story, Professor Counts' critique was professional but candid: interesting story idea, satisfactory execution — but technically deficient in some aspects. He grunted as he studied the images on my contact sheets; some were simply unusable, the result of my not completely mastering the use of the Rollei on the swaying, juggling rear platforms of Nos. 5 and 6.

Others were focused well enough but murky. Grainy Tri-X, however useful its speed in capturing moving trains, had not served me that well in the haze of a humid summer afternoon in southern Indiana. Paging through my notebook, Counts commented on the cropping of some scenes as well as the sameness of some of my camera angles, though he acknowledged that I couldn't easily change my perspective from the back of

a moving train. Then he raised some questions that hadn't occurred to me. There were numerous suitcases visible in the luggage rack of the coach; were most of the passengers going on overnight journeys to Chicago or beyond? And why were they taking the train instead of driving? Didn't the railroad men have anecdotal stories about how things had changed since they started their jobs? And so it went.

Not long before, I would have listened respectfully to such an appraisal but perhaps not have absorbed its lessons. Now I found myself feeling guilty about the missteps that Counts was pointing out and taking up a new determination not to repeat such mistakes. On balance, I understood that I was receiving equal amounts of invaluable instruction that week from both Counts and the Monon, each a tenured educator.

On our final evening in Bloomington, the boys in my sector of the dorm were called to the lobby area by a counselor — "something important," he said. On the screen of a black-and-white television we watched a newscaster describe a recent naval battle in a body of water none of us knew — the Gulf of Tonkin, somewhere

off the coast of a distant country called Vietnam. Of greater importance to us, our counselor explained, was the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution, passed by Congress just hours before, effectively authorizing President Lyndon Johnson to begin rapid escalation of American military involvement in Southeast Asia. "Fellows," our counselor gravely intoned, "this is probably going to have a direct impact on your lives." Over the coming years we would

better appreciate the wisdom of his analysis.

Later I heard manifest No. 70 charging northward, headed by the most modern of motive power, a brace of C628s, but being pushed up the hill out of town by a 17-year-old yard engine already nearing obsolescence. The chime-

horn chords of the lead Alco, in dramatic contrast to the single-note statements of its F-unit predecessors, lilted melodiously through a soft, steady summer rain. It was a fitting Monon metaphor for the events of the past few days, one announcing that times, institutions, places, plans, and people inevitably change. As that enlightening week in Bloomington drew to a close, I came to realize that I, too, was now a full-time participant in the process. ■

**I WAS BACK ON THE
BLOOMINGTON
PLATFORM, THE
LESSONS OF A
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FOREVER IM-
PRESSED UPON ME.**

Spectacle at Spencer

A North Carolina museum mounts a dazzling four-day display of streamlined diesels • **By Robert S. McGonigal**



Twelve of the 27 historic diesels present for "Streamliners at Spencer" surround the turntable at North Carolina Transportation Museum's roundhouse. Iowa Pacific's ex-C&NW E8 515, in IP's Illinois Central-style livery, donned magnetic signs to become IC 4035 (right) and CofG 812.

Six photos, Robert S. McGonigal



In its first public outing from its Portland, Ore., home, the Alco PA (one of only four extant, two in the U.S.) was a major draw. Owner Doyle McCormack, an Ohio native with Nickel Plate roots, began restoring the ex-Santa Fe/D&H unit as NKP 190 in 2000, when it was a wrecked hulk.



E9 949, from UP's heritage fleet, climbs a hill with NCTM cars on the usual 3-mile museum train ride. Pairs of visiting and resident units, one on each end, took turns powering the train.



PRR E8 5809 (owned by Juniata Terminal) enters the NCTM grounds with Juniata's three-car train, which carried passengers from Charlotte on two days as a fundraiser for the museum.



Wabash F7 1189 (Monticello Railway Museum) moves **N&W 4-8-4 611** (Virginia Museum of Transportation)—a streamlined locomotive newer than some of the diesels on hand—after **NS CEO Wick Moorman** officially launched the class J's restoration, to be done at Spencer.

Engine terminals were crowded with carbody-style locomotives during the heyday of first-generation diesels, but never in history has there been a gathering like “Streamliners at Spencer,” held May 29–June 1, 2014, at the North Carolina Transportation Museum. The site of 2012’s display of 20 modern Norfolk Southern units painted in predecessors’ liveries, NCTM occupies the former Southern Railway shop complex at Spencer, N.C., an ideal venue for such events.

Two dozen vintage diesels, all but six operable, in 18 different liveries, came from 16 museums, tourist lines, and freight railroads to join NCTM’s Southern FP7 and E8 and its rare Atlantic Coast

Line E3. (Modern diesels from Amtrak [two] and North Carolina DOT [one] also were displayed.) The 31st locomotive in the spotlight was N&W 4-8-4 No. 611, which had arrived from Virginia on the eve of the event for an overhaul that will prepare her for NS excursion service.

It was mostly an EMD affair, with 16 F units, 9 E units, and only 2 Alcos. Amid the mellow chanting of normally aspirated EMD 567-series prime movers that pervaded the air, Monticello Rail-

way Museum’s Canadian National FPA4 stood out with an Alco bark. The other Alco, although silent, was perhaps the most celebrated streamliner of all: Doyle McCormack’s nearly complete PA.

Ticket sales topped 9,250. Colorful photo opportunities abounded as the cab units rode the turntable, paraded out to the yard, took turns pulling trains, and posed for night photos. Unprecedented even in the classic era, this spectacle seems unlikely ever to be repeated.

Lose track of time.



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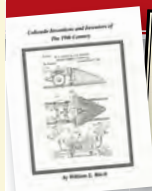
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In one of several night photo setups, Juniata's PRR E8 5711 poses with an ex-B&LE F7 restored as B&O 722 and an ex-Clinchfield F3 restored as C&O 8016, both from Potomac Eagle Scenic.

Three photos, Robert S. McGonigal



An A-B-A set of F units—two ex-Bangor & Aroostook F3As and an ex-B&M F7B, restored as DL&W F3s 664, 664B (both owned by Anthracite Railroads Historical Society), and 663 (Tri-State Railway Historical Society)—pass Spencer's old flue shop with a short freight.



St. Louis' Museum of Transportation sent FTA 103, from GM's original A-B-B-A demo set. It was paired with Virginia's ex-SOU FTB, which is to join the 103 in St. Louis on long-term loan.

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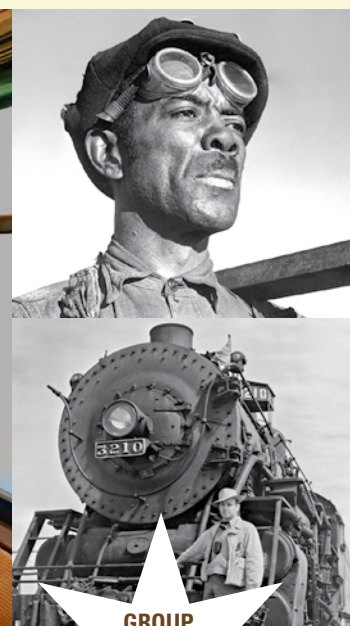


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Nothing could be finer than to fool around Spadina in the morning

Two pals from the States learn the truth about a 4-8-2's speed during a visit to CN's Toronto roundhouse



Canadian National 4-8-2 No. 6060 thrusts her bullet nose toward Fort Erie, Ont., during a summer 1976 excursion out of Toronto. For two railfans accustomed to pokey, rag-tag steam trips in the U.S., a fast-moving Mountain with a matched consist was a breathtaking revelation.

Bill Metzger

My friend Ivan Abrams and I were feeling pretty fat in the summer of 1976. We both had decent jobs for the first time since we got out of college, and while the money we were making may not have been burning holes in our pockets, it was certainly making them smoke.

Some happy coincidences occurred that summer. Allegheny Airlines was offering a weekend round-trip special fare from Pittsburgh, where we lived, to Buffalo for \$35. One of the car-rental companies was offering a similarly cheap weekend rate. Ivan had friends in Toronto we could stay with. I had friends in Lewiston, N.Y., near Niagara Falls. Most importantly, Canadian National was

running Saturday excursions from Toronto to Fort Erie, Ontario, with bullet-nosed Mountain 6060 as the power. A trip was born.

The Friday evening flight, the car rental, and the night with my friends in Lewiston went off perfectly. Saturday morning we toiled along the Queen Elizabeth Way to Hamilton, Ont., and arrived just as 6060 and her train pulled into town. We were used to Amtrak-era steam excursions in the States that ran dog's breakfast consists of anything with flanged wheels and seats. Where we came from, an excursion train with a uniform consist was something out of the pages of history.

Here was a spit-and-polish Pullman

green and brass-trimmed engine hauling a matched set of black-and-white heavy-weight coaches. We might have been from the big city, but we were as impressed as two country boys seeing a circus elephant for the first time.

We got some shots during a water stop, then headed back east of Hamilton to the first clear grade crossing we could find. The plan was to chase the train to Fort Erie and back. Again, we were used to steam excursions that wheezed their way along and were a simple matter to chase and photograph. Again, we were mightily surprised.

We heard him blowing for the crossings out of Hamilton and set up for our shots. The rest happened faster than you

can read this. A roaring green-and-brass blur blasted over the crossing trailing a string of black-and-white stripes.

And was gone.

"Did you get anything?"

"Don't know. I think I did. How about you?"

"Don't know. I think I shot too soon."

We had this conversation while we were bombing down the QEW chasing a rapidly diminishing cloud of black smoke. It was becoming increasingly clear that our rented Vega was no match for that magnificent Mountain. This was certainly not your routine steam excursion chase. But a chase it was, and we were certainly losing it.

We decided to give up and spent the rest of the morning and early afternoon around St. Catharines and the Welland Canal until the return trip. We shot some nice pictures of the train on a trestle in a peach orchard near, if memory serves, Grimsby. While we were waiting we fortified ourselves with fresh peaches.

Out of Hamilton, the pace was much more subdued and, even though there was no place to stop and shoot any pictures, it was a fine show to watch.

Next morning, we headed for CN's Spadina roundhouse in Toronto. Spadina sat on the site now occupied by the Skydome. I'm sure the Skydome is a fine place to watch baseball and all, but back then Spadina was a world-class roundhouse. It was home to those wonderful

MLW FPA4s; F units in CN, GO Transit, and Ontario Northland colors; RDCs; all sorts of switchers and road-switchers happily looking and sounding like Alcos; ancient wooden company-service box-cars (one even had K-type air brakes and archbar trucks); a classic coach yard full of heavyweight and streamlined equipment including an observation car from the Reading *Crusader*; and, of course, 6060. By 1976 there were precious few places like it anywhere on the continent. As far as we were concerned, it was railroad heaven.

The protocol for visiting Spadina was to first go to the roundhouse foreman's office on the second floor. The foreman would ask you to sign a release, then give you a hard hat and a safety lecture, which consisted of telling you, "Don't get hurt." Then you had the run of the place.

Our chasing experience of the day before still fresh in my mind, I asked the foreman what the speed limit was on 6060. "Well son," he said with a twinkle in his eye, "we like to keep her under 90."

Thirty-nine years later, I can't tell you how fast 6060 was going. I can tell you that I have never seen a steam engine move that fast since, and doubt I ever will again. I can also say that I did shoot a tad too soon, but even so 6060 does make a fine picture, ripping along in full stride with white flags flying and generally impressing the hell out of two guys from the States. — *Bill Metzger*

Boot camp train-watching

A C&NW freight is a tempting distraction for a new Navy recruit

Forward march! Left, right, left, right, left, right . . .

The chant of multiple-unit EMD 567 diesel engines was audible in the distance as my fellow U.S. Navy recruits and I marched back and forth across the drill field at Great Lakes Naval Training Center in northern Illinois in fall 1960.

It was a perfect day — ideal for train-watching — but that wasn't why I was there. I had joined the Navy to see the world (and maybe some new railroads), and the Great Lakes boot camp was teaching me the finer points of military discipline.

About face! You bunch of maggots. My mother could march better than you guys!

The sound of the approaching train

was getting louder, and I knew that soon I'd be able to see it rolling along in the distance on the west side of the base. If, of course, I would be facing in the right direction when the train went past. The company commander, or "CC" (the Navy's version of a drill instructor), was in a particularly foul mood that day, and this would not be the time to do an "eyes right" when I was supposed to be doing a forward march. I had to hope we'd be marching west when the train went past.

Up to that point the Navy had been good for a young railfan who had hardly been away from home. I had made the trip from Buffalo to Chicago on the Nickel Plate Road. Leaving Buffalo I was able to watch trains on the parallel New

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THE WAY IT WAS

York Central until it got dark. The next morning's entry into Chicago was amazing: Rock island commuter trains everywhere, along with freights of the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern; Pennsy; B&O; and Monon. Almost more railroads in one morning than I'd seen in my whole life. After a short self-guided tour around the Loop, our little group boarded a North Shore Line train for a fast ride to the base at Great Lakes.

What was there not to like about the Navy?

Left, right, left, right.

Soon a quartet of yellow F units appeared in perfect A-B-B-A formation.

Company halt!

The CC stopped the parade so he could give some individual attention to an unfortunate member of our group.

You %^* ###@&^ sonuva +\$%*!*
You'll never even make a pimple on the
*a*s of a real sailor!!!*

I felt sorry for the guy, but as we stood there at attention we were facing west, and I was able to watch as the long North Western freight rolled north at about 25 mph.

Forward march!

The company commander had finished his tirade against the unfortunate recruit and we were off again left-facing, right-flanking, and about-facing when suddenly . . . **BANG!** The sound of air es-

caping and the thunder of freight-car slack running in echoed across the drill field.

Uh-oh! The freight had gone into emergency. This was going to be interesting. I was acutely aware of what had just happened to my fellow recruit over some real or imagined transgression and I didn't want to be the CC's next target. On the western sections of our drill I could see the head brakeman climbing down from the lead unit of the freight and walking along the train looking for a problem. While marching in other directions I was keeping my eyes straight ahead as I strained my peripheral vision to the max in an effort to see what was happening without getting myself into trouble.

Eventually, the train continued its journey and we recruits headed off to some seamanship class or another, but I had made it through that session without suffering the mortification that would have resulted from trying to mix train-watching with military drilling.

The three years of service that followed provided lots of opportunities to expand my railfan activities and mostly without the added stress of that particular railfan adventure.

I wonder what ever became of the poor guy whose misstep enabled me to watch that train? — *Ken Kraemer*

The 16-hour switcher

Adventures during the beet rush on NP's Central Washington branch

In 1963 I was a telegraph operator on the Northern Pacific's Spokane Division. I was a student at Washington State University and working summer/holiday relief made an ideal college job. In my sophomore year, I developed some grade problems. Since I was having good luck with my railroad job, the registrar was able to talk me into laying out for a semester in order to build up my financial reserves. The reasoning was that working and going to school at the same time was leading to my grade problems. It wasn't, but that's another story.

I was able to bid in an operator position at Wheeler, Wash., on the Central Washington branch in fall 1963. This was a temporary position just for the sugar beet season. Wheeler serviced the U&I Sugar Co. processing plant near

Moses Lake. I arrived at the depot the afternoon of Wednesday, September 25, to be ready for my first assigned shift the next day. The depot had a large freight room and the agent, "Hoot" Hartman, gave me permission to set up my cot and kit in the corner. I drove into Moses Lake, 5 miles west of Wheeler, and purchased some groceries. That afternoon I heard some muffled booms from the direction of the plant. When I returned to Wheeler I discovered that the four huge sugar silos had exploded like so many shotguns, sending their concrete lids high in the air. The lids crashed back to earth, crushing several cars and killing seven workers.

In view of this incident, the trainmaster already had my job cancelled. He was sure the plant would be shut down for a

while. He was wrong, and by the end of the afternoon he'd reinstated my job. Not only was the plant going to run, but every ton of sugar produced was to ship the next day and every day thereafter until the last of the beets had been processed. Although the storage silos were out of commission, there was relatively little damage to the rest of the plant. For the next five months, 150 beet hoppers would arrive and a dozen carloads of sugar would depart each day. We had a daily extra serving the branch from Connell, and a 16-hour switcher on site.

About a month into the season the trainmaster came back to see how things were running. I think he suspected the switcher crew was featherbedding the job, and he was determined to reduce the hours. The switcher timing was driven mostly by the need to replenish the beet unloading track and switching the loaded sugar hoppers and boxcars for empty cars. The crew was not overworked, but they were putting in long hours and they were tying up at a hotel in Moses Lake, 100 miles west of Spokane.

The trainmaster decided to ride the engine to see what the crew had to do. The crew did have their hands somewhat full, as the yard was a bit small for handling all the beet cars. Part of the routine was to make up a train of empties for the local and shove them out on the main line north of town. Each afternoon I would stand at the lead to the sugar plant and scribble car numbers as they were shoved out of the plant. This would become my train list for the local. The local would come in with the loads in the afternoon and leave with the empties and the sugar loads.

The crew went out to make their afternoon switch with the trainmaster in the cab. As usual I was typing furiously on the afternoon's waybills and train list. About two hours later the crew came back to the depot, grabbed their coffee, and sat down in the office. The trainmaster drank a cup with them. There was a little small talk, but none of the good-natured bantering that always filled these odd moments between switches. Finally the trainmaster got up and commented to the crew that he didn't realize just how much switching the mill needed. Then he walked out and drove off.

Once his car was out of sight, bedlam broke out. It seems our boys had it in mind to show just how little the trainmaster was in control. They had picked



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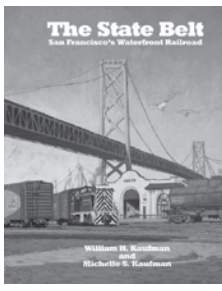


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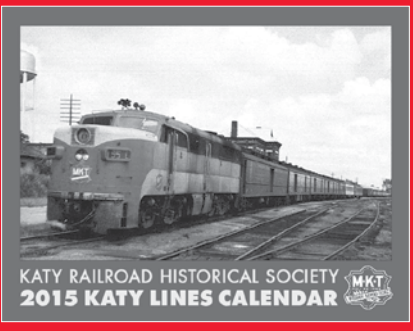
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THE WAY IT WAS

up a cut of six boxcars and had just spent two hours shoving them, cutting them, dropping them, and picking them up again from every spur and track in the plant. They then brought them out and parked them right back where they started. The engineer was sweating bullets before they finished. He said the same Great Northern car kept showing up against the engine and he was just sure the trainmaster would catch on.

There is a lesson to take away from this story. I did go on to get my degree in chemical engineering and had a wonderful 36-year career in the paper industry. Many times I needed to study the pulp and papermaking process and make adjustments to improve profitability. I was always careful to deal the workers in early and listen to their advice (and to make sure the donuts showed up on time). — Gary Dinsmore

Tour of the *Century*

A preinaugural peek at the new equipment on NYC's top train

Back in mid-1948, when my two railfan pals and I decided to visit the New York Central's Hudson Division for the very first time, we found ourselves on the platform of Crugers station, 4 miles north of Harmon, enveloped in the densest fog I had ever experienced.

The roar of southbound diesels got our attention. We couldn't see a thing until finally, so close we could almost touch it, there appeared the headlight (penetrating just a few feet) of an E unit. We stared through that small clearing in the fog to watch the long consist go by. We began to form a good opinion as to the train's identity, and when the observation car appeared we leaned out over the platform to get a better look. There it was: a tail sign lighted in azure blue that read 20TH CENTURY LIMITED. Wow! The first train of the day! This of course was the *Century*'s 1938 equipment, soon to be replaced.

A month later I visited Mott Haven, NYC's passenger yard in the Bronx just north of Manhattan. Some of the new *Century* equipment was there, including observation car *Sandy Creek*, but the tail sign had not been attached. I was advised to come back in two days. This I did, and found 1938 observation *Bedloes Island* ready to go out on the *Century*, heavyweight business car No. 1 for Central President Gustav Metzman, and brand-new *Hickory Creek* with a *Century* tail sign.

I was then given a tour of the interior of *Hickory Creek* and a number of other *Century* cars. My memory is sketchy, but I recall two things: The stacks of china in the kitchen car of the twin-unit diner, and being startled while inside *Hickory Creek* when we began to move. It was

just a switching move, but I wonder if that was enough to claim I rode in *Hickory Creek* before it entered regular *Century* service on September 11, 1948.

In the coming years, whenever I was in Grand Central Terminal near 6 p.m., I would bypass the Pullman conductor(s) at the gate desks by going down near the stationmaster's office. There a gate was left open for employees to come and go. It was then easy to walk over to the *Century* platform with its red carpet for passengers. I was careful never to walk on that carpet, staying on the concrete portion nearest the other track, which was always vacant before the *Century*'s departure time. I did this to avoid drawing attention to myself by showing I knew the protocol. Further, I had a pad and pen to write down the numbers or names on the cars as I walked from the observation car on up to the head end.

When I finally made it to the head end there was a stainless-steel Santa Fe car destined to be switched into the *Chief* at Chicago. This extra sleeper made the *Century* so long that its electric locomotive was blocking a number of switches.

As 6 o'clock approached, the phone line was detached, activity on the red carpet subsided, and trainmen took up their positions. The one nearest me would loudly call out "Board!" Down the platform this would be repeated with a slight echo. At 6:01, the *Century* would slowly start to move as I stood there watching.

When it was gone I walked the platform back toward the main concourse, past men rolling up the red carpet, and headed home. It was a nice way to pass the time. — Ed Theisinger ■



Hickory Creek brings up the rear of the *Century* at Englewood, Chicago, in 1962, 14 years after Ed Theisinger's informal tour of it in New York.

Bob Krone

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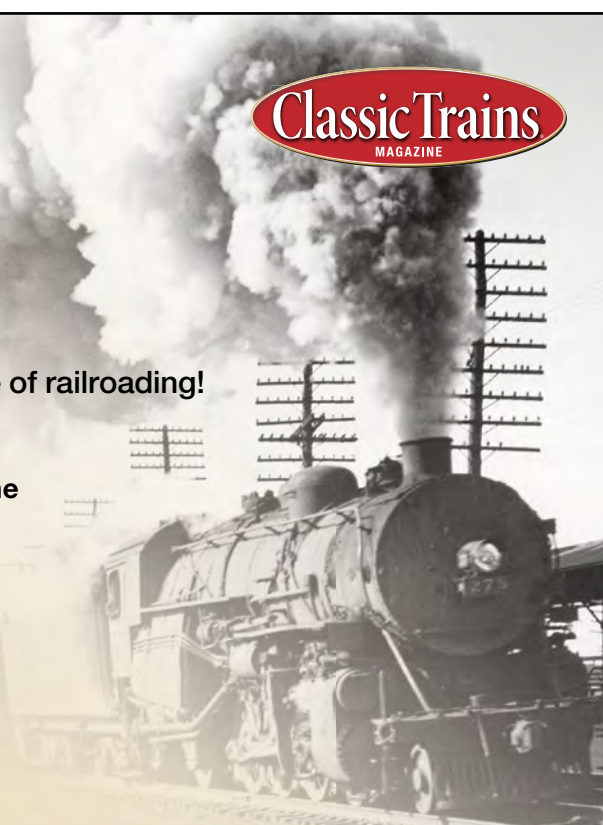
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Iowa stubborn

The Hawkeye State's last streetcars plied the 7 miles or so between Waterloo and Cedar Falls. They were run by the Waterloo, Cedar Falls & Northern, a freight-and-passenger interurban that also had lines north 20 miles to Waverly and south 60 miles to Cedar Rapids. Street railway service began in Waterloo in 1885 with horse cars. Electrification came in 1896, followed by the opening of the Cedar Falls line in 1897. Most of the run was on private right of way, but city-type cars were used throughout the line's history. WCF&N ended local streetcar service in Waterloo in 1939. Nine years later, the old ex-Dubuque cars that had worked Waterloo city routes and the Cedar Falls line were worn out, so WCF&N acquired three cars (Perley Thomas, 1930) from

Knoxville, Ky. The remaining Cedar Falls service required only one car at a time, which was fortunate, as two of the Knoxville cars were lost to fire, in 1949 (No. 380) and 1954 (382). The '54 blaze claimed a lot of WCF&N equipment, and passenger service to Waverly and Cedar Rapids ended in 1955 and '56, respectively. The last car to Cedar Falls ran on August 1, 1958. Above left, car 381 mingles with autos and WCF&N buses and interurbans near the Waterloo terminal on April 10, 1953. Above right, No. 381 heads north on Waterloo's Mulberry Street in October '55. At left, a third view of 381 finds it near the terminal at Mulberry and Park in Waterloo on June 4, 1953. This last surviving WCF&N streetcar is preserved at the Midwest Electric Railway in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

In the next issue

Winter 2014 Edition



Stan Kistler's Search for Steam in the West

After bagging Big Boys and Challengers in Wyoming (Spring 2013 CLASSIC TRAINS), the Californian heads for home by way of Colorado & Southern, Great Western Railway, and the Rio Grande narrow gauge

Provocateur of Railroad Photography

John Gruber blazed controversial new trails in the turbulent 1960s

Ingles Color Classics

Dave Ingles takes the long way home for Christmas 1965, from east Tennessee to Detroit via St. Louis and back on the trains of five railroads

The One-Percent Solution

The story of Santa Fe's Williams-Crookton line change in Arizona

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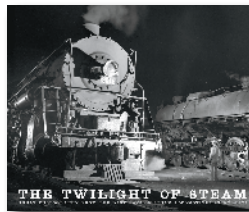
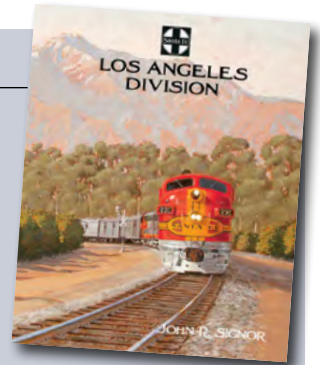
READY TRACK Reviews of new products

FIRST OUT

Santa Fe's Los Angeles Division

By John R. Signor. The Santa Fe Railway Historical & Modeling Society, Inc., 1205 S. Air Depot #101, Midwest City, OK 73110-4807; www.atsfrr.org. 8½ x 11 inches, hardcover, 584 pages, \$86.

On cost per page alone, this monumental book would be an extraordinary value. But that would be only part of the picture, as the work also possesses the superior quality that has long been a hallmark of author/designer Signor and publisher SFRH&MS. Covering all Santa Fe lines west of Needles, Calif., and southwest of Barstow from their origins until the 1995 BNSF merger, the book contains more than 1,000 photos — many rare, 288 in color — and some 60 maps. From predecessors' 4-4-0s to the great shop at San Bernardino to Mallets and UP trains on Cajon Pass to Canal District switch jobs to Super Fleet diesels hauling intermodal trains, the sprawling story of the Santa Fe and the dynamic region it helped create is thoroughly, beautifully told here. The index alone runs to seven pages! — *Robert S. McGonigal*



The Twilight of Steam

By Brian Solomon. Voyageur Press, Minneapolis, Minn.; www.voyageurpress.com. 12¼ x 10¼ inches, hardcover, 192 pages, \$50.

This handsome album displays 135 black-and-white photos of steam on more than 30 railroads during 1946–60 (plus a few Rio Grande narrow-gauge views from the mid-'60s). In the style of many art books, brief captions accompany the photos, with more detailed descriptions grouped in the final 18 pages. Represented by from 11 to 14 photos each, the roads with the most coverage are Pennsy, N&W, Nickel Plate, SP, and CP. Among the dozen photographers who contributed images are some of the best-known of the era, including John Gruber, Fred Matthews, Jim Shaughnessy, and Dick Steinheimer. Less widely published but nevertheless skilled are Bob Buck, George Corey, Phil Weibler, and Ron Wright. Something of a revelation is the heretofore comparatively rare credit of John E. Pickett, whose wide-ranging, high-quality work accounts for 25 percent of the images here. — *R.S.M.*

Burlington Route Passenger Trains, Volume Three

By John F. Strauss Jr. Four Ways West Publications, 14618 Valley View Ave., La Mirada, CA 90638; (714) 521-4259; www.fourwayswest.com. 8½ x 11 inches, hardcover, 208 pages, \$59.95.

The Burlington stood as a silver bulwark against the increasingly anti-passenger attitudes of the railroad industry in the first half of the 1960s. Then Harry Murphy was replaced as CB&Q president by Lou Menk, who ordered a retreat. This photo- and information-packed book chronicles the 1960–65 good years and the 1966–71 decline (the final year of which was under Burlington Northern auspices), takes a brief look at early Amtrak operations on ex-Q lines, and finishes with a 32-page review of the Chicago suburban service from its start in 1864. (Two previous volumes covered the 1934–59 period.) More than 300 black-and-white and color photos are included, plus numerous train consists, equipment rosters, advertisements, schedules, and more. — *R.S.M.*



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AD INDEX

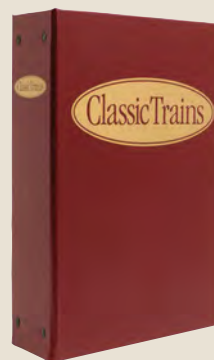
Bella Terra Publishing	79
Border Press, The.	11
Cape Ann Train Company.	11
Chicago & North Western Historical Society	83
Chicago History Museum	79
Classic Trains E-mail Newsletter	85
CNR Historical Association	11
Colorado Railroad Museum.	78
Crusader Press.	81
Durbin & Greenbrier Valley Railroad	78
East Troy Electric Railroad	79
GNRHS	83
Greg Scholl Video Productions	12
Herron Rail Video	19
Izaak Walton Inn.	82
Journeys by Jerry Van Dyke	7
Juniper House Lib Publications.	12
Katy Railroad Historical Society	83
Locomotive 2014	6
Monte Vista Publishing	82
National Railway Historical Society.	13
Northern Pacific Railway Historical Assoc	13
Pentrex.	9
railroadbooks.biz	81
Ronrail Pictures	81
Semaphore Records	83
Shore Line Interurban Historical Society.	11
Signature Press	83
Steamship Historical Society of America	13
Trains magazine	84
Trains of the 1940s	92
TRRA Historical Society	12
Vanishing Vistas	12
White River Productions, Inc.	2
Whitewater Valley Railroad	79

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Canadian Pacific



Jim Shaughnessy

War and peace at CP's Windsor Station, Montreal

Two photos, taken just over a dozen years apart, show vastly different circumstances in the concourse of Canadian Pacific's Windsor Station in Montreal. In the top view, on a dark winter afternoon (probably around Christmas) in the early 1940s, the crush of World War II traffic is evident. Things were a lot quieter on August 25, 1956 (left), when only a handful of travelers roamed the sundrenched concourse. Initially called Windsor Street Station (for a city thoroughfare later renamed Peel Street), the terminal opened in 1889. Windsor's massive Richardsonian Romanesque head building, expanded in 1903, '13, and '16, housed station facilities and CP's corporate headquarters. A CP plan to replace it with an office tower died, but the railway moved its offices to Calgary in 1996. The opening that same year of a hockey arena resulted in the tracks being truncated to a spartan new commuter-train facility called Terminus Lucien-L'Allier (intercity trains left in 1986). Today, Windsor is a hotel-office-restaurant complex, and the concourse serves as a connector between subway and rail stations and the arena. 

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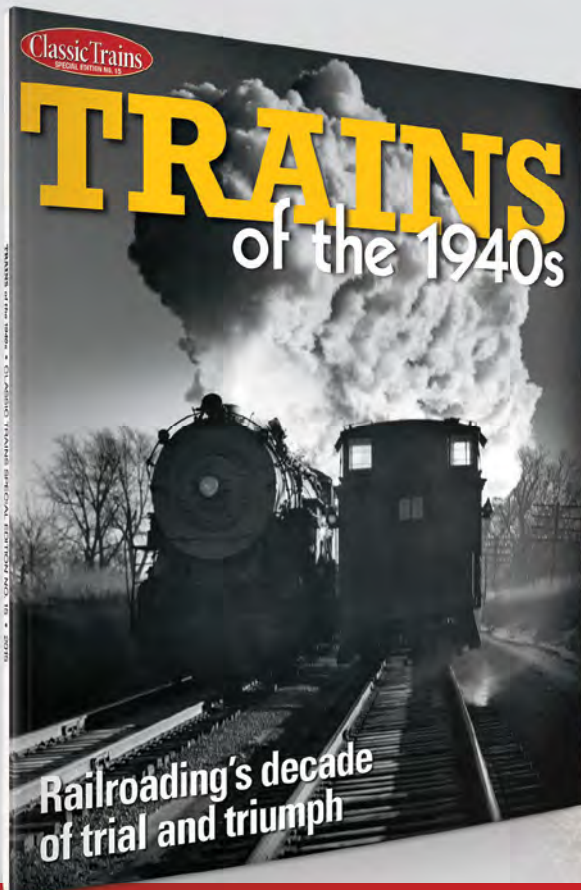
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